

KILLARNEY:

A DESCRIPTIVE

P O E M.

By P A T. O'K E L L Y. *K*

Ah! sure no Pencil can like Nature paint.

THOMPSON!

D U B L I N:

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

Right Hon. Lord Viscount KENMARE.

MY LORD,

WHEN *Thompson's* harp to flow'ry lawns was strung,
Fair *Hartford* first, was by the Poet sung:
For ev'ry splendid virtue, ev'ry grace,
" *To shine in courts,*" and all her lineage trace.
So thou KENMARE from bounty's flowing spring,
Can'st blissful verdure to the mountain bring;
Inspire thy *Bard*, as *Hartford* once was known,
To give the *musè* whate'er by TASTE was shewn,
And form around a Tempe of thine own. }
Thy silver Lake with nodding forests crown'd!
Thy vistas thundering with re-echoed sound!
Thy vales o'erspangled with eternal flow'rs!
Where plants exotic shoot around thy bow'rs!
Where *Nature* clad in never-fading bloom,
In dew-lav'd violets still breathes perfume;
To the fond *musè* each fervour can impart,
Like the fair picture of thy princely heart!—
Inspir'd by *thee* on outspread wing she flies,
Forfakes the plains and darts along the skies;
'Till from the cliff's too-awful nodding brow,
She eyes delighted, all the scene below.—
Hence the fleet flag thro' ev'ry maze she views,
While thunders fierce, vast loud uproar pursues:

Hears the loud horn shrill-sounding o'er the *Lake*,
 And round the shore sees whit'ning billows break!
 While painted streamers of a thousand dyes,
 Float with the breeze, and charm her wond'ring eyes,
 On rapid pinions next she sees that dome,
 Where the lone stranger finds an easy home;
 Where social worth still marks the tenant-train,
 And no fond Poet tunes his lyre in vain.
 Where peaceful thousands bless their happy lot,
 And smiles KENMARE on ev'ry tufted cot:
 With transport view each blooming infant race,
 Joy in each heart, and laughter in each face:
 To Heav'n breathe forth the soft ecstatic pray'r,
 And call down blessings on the good KENMARE.
 Shou'd then that Lord (the glory of our isle,)
 To this first effort deign the Patron's smile;
 This tender plant so foster'd by his rays,
 May soar to fame and boast ev'n future praise:
 Thrice happy *Bard!* not vainly glow thy strains,
 Smile but KENMARE—rewarded are thy pains;
 Then, nipping frosts of critic spleen disdain,
 And bloom for ever on the banks of *Lene*.

P A T. O'K E L L Y.

Deign, then O! deign, illustrious as thou art,
 The shield of thy protection to impart.—
 And as from thy fair realms my works arose,
 O! great KENMARE, protect my works from foes:
 Ah! be thou then the *musés'* favouring Friend,
 "He stays too late who waits 'till all commend."



P R E F A C E

To the R E A D E R.

IT may be generally asked, and that with a strong degree of justice, how the *Author* of the following sheets could have the presumption to attempt a task so elegantly-arduous as a poetical description of the LAKE of KILLARNEY?—In reply, the *Author* has only to assert, that a long and settled predilection for KILLARNEY—and a faithful wish for its Inhabitants—added to an attachment caught at school, and never to be erased from his heart—induced him to offer his juvenile tribute to the Public, on that delightful Versailles of his country. He humbly hopes that if any strokes of Nature should catch the Reader's generous attention, candour will honourably applaud—where faults (which he fears are many) obtrude on judgment, he equally solicits indulgence.

For as mellowing seasons ripen harvests—years may mature judgment,—in a writer indulgence may do much—severity like a blighting wind, may spoil the harvest of many a rising blossom: To his liberal Patrons he begs permission to offer his warmest gratitude; and to assure them, most faithfully, that no circumstance, but the tediousness of fulfilling his Subscription-catalogue, could so long have retarded the publication, which he now tremblingly submits to their protecting candour.

✍ ERRATA shall be corrected in the next Edition.

*Written extempore by a young Lady near Roscommon,
on reading the Author's Poem.*

O'KELLY, who in softest numbers glide,
Defy the critic's poor and envious pride,
Who boldly dare, e'en DENNIS and his rage,
And can't with malice wit's best war-fare wage.
Accept this tribute to your merit due,
Tho' in bad rhyme we all allow it true.
KILLARNEY now like many a brilliant toast,
Shall long its own, and all thy merits boast;
Teach other *bards* a happy spot to praise,
And fame and fortune gen'rously to raise.
Go, heav'n-taught youth, with Nature's fancy own
That thine's the meed—and thine the fire alone.

R—a M—s.

To Mr. O'KELLY, on his KILLARNEY.

ALL-hail sweet *Bard*! blest Laureate of our isle,
Whose lines can all the cares of life beguile:
Around thy throne let rhymers humbly stand,
And view the Poet's sceptre in thy hand;
How just thy title to each heav'nly strain!
Thou tuneful *monarch* of the tuneful train!
Let Poets now with myrtle deck their lays,
When you possess the laurel and the rays:
To thee the Nine display their sacred store,
Where no enquiring genius touch'd before.
Thrice happy *Bard*! whose ever-sweeten'd lyre,
With SHENSTONE's softness mingles COWLEY's fire!
What noble thoughts! how richly dress'd by art!
At once thy numbers strike the ear and heart.
What sound with sense! what thoughts with sense
combine!
What beauties blaze and breathe in ev'ry line!

Let others boast what but few *Bards* can tell,
Thine is the pride a page with skill to swell.
MUCCRUSS rejoice, a native *Bard* can raise
At once thy shades, thy produce and thy praise;
When other beauties hoary time shall blast,
Thy name shall live, and all thy bloom shall last.

T. M.

To Mr. O'KELLY, on his poetical dress of the celebrated
LAKE of KILLARNEY.

KILLARNEY, theme of many a tuneful tongue,
To genius dear, and long by genius sung:
Hail now thy waters!—hail thy rural charms!—
Where Nature blooms, and gen'rous friendship warms;
Drawn by O'KELLY's bold descriptive *muse*,
What *Bard* to thee can honest fame refuse?—
His flowing strains to future time shall tell
Those heav'nly scenes his pencil paints so well.
Long had thy streams uncelebrated shone,
Or half untold, till amply now made known.
Thy youthful *muse* whose sterling periods roll
Free as thy waves, and catch th' impassion'd soul;
Shall live in fame, like MANGERTON's firm base,
And stamp thy scenes in characters of brass.
Thrice happy spot! how blissful is thy doom
Ordain'd, thro' future centuries to bloom!
Thy beardless *Bard*, and thou alike shall live,
While he and Nature elegantly give
Those lasting colours, envy must admire,
To mark thy Landscapes with a Poet's fire.
His Heav'n-taught numbers shall thy charms impart,
And all thy views impress on ev'ry heart.
Sweet *Bard*—sweet *Lake*—congenial shall your fame,
The wreaths of genius and of beauty claim:
Nor vainly claim;—for who can read and view,
And not confess O'KELLY's pencil true?—

Hark! in his chace, thy woods—thy waves resound!
 The horn re-echoes to the deep-mouth'd hound!
 Thrice happy *Bard*! to thee how just belong
 The rays of truth, of genius, and of song.
 Thine is each happy transport of the soul,
 Thine is each honied period long to roll,
 And twine around the feelings of the breast,
 Blest in thy friendship—in thy numbers blest.
 Then be what may the colour of my days,
 Take—take O'KELLY, this unpurchas'd praise.
 The lasting test—the only proof to tell,
 Tho' fortune sever'd, that I lov'd thee well.

D. C.

To Mr. O'KELLY, on reading his Poems.

HAIL gentle *Bard*, thy genius how divine!
 By fancy warm'd, inspir'd by all the Nine.
Neptune behold! the nymphs and azure train,
 And *Venus* too just rising from the main.—
 Now ev'ry boatswain trembles on his oar,
 With throbbing breast now views the wish'd-for shore:
 The signal giv'n;—away they start, they fly,
 Bend ev'ry nerve, and ev'ry effort try!
 What various shouts now mingle with the skies!
 The happy chieftain gains the golden prize.
 Hark! to the stag before the hounds he flies,
 And bounds, and pants, and falls, and bleeds and dies.
 Methinks I see the tenants of the brook
 Panting for life—now struggling on the hook.
 Thy woods and groves, and lawns, and flow'ry meads,
 —And bleating flocks, and lakes, and villas, shades,
 —Are scenes that ever charm my wishful sight,
 Improve—attract—and fill me with delight.—
 Farewell sweet *Bard*, thy fame shall never die,
 For soaring *Bards* shall meet thee in the sky!
 Who clouds and all thy pathless regions know,
 While I salute thee from the vale below.

J. B.

ABSTRACT OF 2827 123

There be what thou wilt call my day,
 Tell in thy story—thy number—
 And twice send the letters of the word
 There is each word good to tell
 There is each word good to tell
 I have a word of kindness, and of love
 I have a word of kindness, and of love
 The new word to the deep sound of love
 I have a word of kindness, and of love
 I have a word of kindness, and of love

KILLARNEY,

A N

E P I C P O E M.

10

KILLARNEY
KILLARNEY



AN

EPIC POEM

Hail thee Killarney, Queen of Villages!
Thy shores are mountains, and thy bowers
The moonlight groves, and sparkling fountains,
The smooth meadows, and the winding glades—
Hail thee, and lead me to thy sunny banks,
Thou best inspirer of my inland song.
To thee my muse devotes her tuneful lays,
Thy vale, thy rocks, thy mountains, and thy seas—
Hail!—over hills like Rome's, and Tiber's
It aught of Rome these single fountains give!

The

B 2

KILLARNEY,

A N

E P I C P O E M.

HAIL sweet KILLARNEY! Queen of Villas hail!
Thy cloud-topt Mountain! and thy flow'ry Vale!

Thy blooming Groves! and amaranthine Shades!
Thy smooth Meanders! and enchanting Glades!—

Hail fair *Lough-Lene*! to thee my strains belong! 5
Thou best Inspirer of my infant Song.

To thee my muse devotes her tuneful praise,
Thy vales *Elysian*, consecrate her lays!—

Hail!—ever hail! like *Rome's* fam'd Tiber live,
If aught of fame these simple strains can give! 10

KILLARNY.

The muse enraptur'd feels unwonted fires,
And to thy praise on eager wing aspires!

Thro' thy enchanting labyrinth she roves
In maze luxuriant thro' thy heav'nly Groves,
With sacred warmth inspir'd she moves along, 15
In solemn pace, and meditates the song.

Now, thro' the blooming park, where playful fawns,
In crowded herds, skip o'er the verdant lawns,
Her wishful eye darts forward ev'ry view,
And sees its Lord each lordly plan pursue. 20

KENMARE the good, whose great, illustrious name,
Stands first recorded in the book of fame;

Transported next to MANGERTON she flies,
Whose tow'ring heights half reach the vaulted skies!

Hence, low-laid MUCRUSS she surveys all o'er; 25
MUCRUSS, where nature lavishes her store;—

MUCRUSS—whose sweets so scent the flow'ry plain,
That EDEN's bloom appears reviv'd again!—

Hence, the glad muse, o'er CARNANE's spicy groves,
Thro' all her dales, and lawns, enraptur'd roves; 30

O'er GLENA's bow'ry vale, she next takes wing,
Where feather'd songsters hail eternal spring;

Where ev'ry prospect animates the soul,
And fancy banquets free of all controul.

Delightful

Delightful scenes where *Gods* might well abide; 35
 Scenes on which nature shews us all her pride.

Now, to DUNLOE's care-soothing shades, she flies;
 DUNLOE—whose groves perfume the neigh'bring skies.

Thro' which the LEWN's smooth, silver current flows,
 And, in its course, an heav'nly Landscape shews! 40

Oft on these banks fair *Angelina* stood,
 Like a fair Venus rising from the flood,

'Till her bright form to faithless love a prey,
 Sunk like a rose, and cast its sweets away!

Onward she moves to rising *Aughadoe*, 45
 Whose proud, rough, rocks appear'd in blood-stain'd
 hue!

What war-like chiefs, (as long traditions tell)
 In early days, on this fair summit fell!

Contention's sanguinary rage here sway'd,
 And all the plain one purple current made! 50

Hence, her next flight, to those *Aonian* shades,
 Where murm'ring FLESK meanders thro' the meads:

Here hap'ly pois'd, on fancy's airy wing,
 She eyes those beauties which she pants to sing!

HAIL, sacred vale!—enraptur'd we survey 55
 Thy scenes romantic, and thy flow'ry way.

O! smile propitious, Heav'n-descended Choir,
 And my fond breast with all your warmth inspire!

Ye

Ye NYMPHS, ye NAIADS, teach me here to please,
Ye echoing vallies, harmonize my lays! 60

Bring with you FANCY, and her airy train,
To trace the mountains, and their summits gain!

The DRYAD's haunt—and where the sportive fawns
Range thro' the woods, the vallies, and the lawns! 65

Enchanting GRACES, join the heav'nly throng,
To see KILLARNEY'S WONDERS!—bloom in song!—

Whose blissful scenes would *Thompson's* numbers claim,
Or rival *Windsor*, in poetic fame.—

To KENMARE's park retire we, now unseen,
Thro' all her woods—her wilds—her vallies green, 70

Where crystal brooks in silver channels stray,
Now lave the valley, now the flow'ry way;

Now foaming roll along the dewy lawn,
Where soaring warblers hail the rosy dawn—

And now they form a crystalline cascade, 75
And burst reluctant on th' enchanting glade.

Dina, this river call'd in days of yore,
To LENE's fair lake still pours his liquid store:

On whose meand'ring banks tall forests rise,
Whose tow'ring elms still nod at neigh'ring skies. 80

Here o'er the cliffs, thro' walks of pebbles made,
The eager trav'ler seeks the cooling shade.

Full oft a tender pair in these green bow'rs,
In love-lorn tales, enjoy the passing hours.

Here PHILOMELLA tunes her plaintive strain, 85
And holds delighted the attentive swain.

While warbling sounds distend her liquid throat,
Her love-sick tale is felt thro' ev'ry note;—

Of TEREUS false, and treach'rous, she complains,
While nature's silent o'er her pensive strains! 90

The verdant shades affix'd attention shew,
E'en savage beasts commiserate her woe.—

Trace we still on, from this delightful scene,
To yonder shades, the MUSES' fav'rite green,

Where savage prowlers, in close ambush lie, 95
And lordly Eagles cleave the mid-way sky:

The keen-ey'd sportsman here, with dubious tread,
Directs th' unerring tube—and all are dead!

Nor strength of wing, nor piercing eye, can give
These pouncing despots of the air to live!— 100

Beneath the umbrage of yon shady grove,
See, hawks and osprays unmolested rove!

The rabbit race, un-number'd here we view!
The black-bird, thrush, and birds of various hue!

Here rav'nous kites, and screech owls safely roam, 105
And foxes keep their undisputed home.

While

While bounding deer along the vallies play,
And make the glades more admirably gay.

From yonder height fair nature's prospect take,
And view, at once, the beauties of the LAKE, 110

Whence LENE's fair silver realms are amply seen,
Her hills—her groves—her woods—her vallies green.

Great MANGERTON, high-tow'ring o'er the rest,
With aspect rude, with wild and savage breast,

O'er whose proud peak th' Atlantic vapours fly, 115
Whilst in his womb unfathom'd waters lie.

The tow'ring hills, that menace southern skies;
That fill the mind with grandeur and surprize;

From roaring tempests keep this valley free,
A mild retreat for all the nine—and me!— 120

What heav'nly Landscapes meet our wand'ring eyes!
In grand confusion distant mountains rise!

Some to the west, with less aspiring height,
Yield a delightful—captivating sight!

Now, like the sun eclips'd in clouds they lie; 125

Now, o'er their woody sides, the vapours fly;

The mists dispell'd—The clouds ethereal blown,
See o'er the vale a bright reflection thrown!

The glitt'ring sun-beams thro' the Islands play,
Silver the hills, and make the vallies gay! 130

How

KILLARNEY.

139

How bright a prospect here!—what views extend!—
Where shady Isles and lucid waters blend!—

Now GLENA's sylvan scenes attract our view!
Her deep-ting'd verdure, and her mountain blue!

MAC GILLA-CODA's hills now charm the eye, 135
Whose spiral summits pierce the azure sky!

What gen'rous mansions here deep sunk in shade,
Th' enraptur'd stranger greet thro' ev'ry glade!

Here, founts protected from the solar beams;
Here, gay *Parterres*, and, there, the murm'ring streams! 140

DINA's clear waters, whisp'ring as they run,
And BELLE-VIEU gilded by the western sun!

Whilst thus our eyes, with admiration rove,
From hill to hill, to each poetic grove;

Thro' fields,—thro' forests,—and thro' flow'ry meads, 145
Thro' purling brooks, and winding loud cascades,

These variegated prospects fire the mind,
To feast on nature's beauties—all combin'd!—

If objects rare can glowing breasts inspire,
Tune the fond pipe, or youthful genius fire, 150
What muse for thee, KILLARNEY, would not string
the lyre?

HENCE, to the VILLA bend we now our way,
Where all looks neat and hospitably gay;

C

Where

Where virgins fair are fairer to be seen
Than the fair lillies on the fairest green! 155

What curious art attracts the trav'ler's eyes?
What peerless sweets, which o'er the valley rise?

Here, streets arrang'd with marble studded o'er,
Display the richness of the native ore;

Polish'd the fair—and active all the youth, 160
Alike distinguish'd for their feats and truth;

Bold in the field—yet courtly, and well bred,
They prove the virtues of the illustrious dead!

Whose manly blood high swells their ev'ry vein,
Ruddies each cheek, and marks the martial plain. 165

This VILLA rich in ev'ry classic lore!
A seat, where all the nine their treasures pour!

Where fam'd KENMARE has ev'ry learning priz'd,
Her lovers rais'd—with bounty patroniz'd;—

His gen'rous hand, by fortune amply blest, 170
Saw art, like nature, on the soil impress;

Like RANCELLEN* retir'd from flitting joys,
His native place alone his care employs;

Drawing his prospects from the patriot's laws,
He hourly labours in his country's cause; 175

Here jarring discord dares not shew her face;
Vice, and her sons, are driven to disgrace!

* See MARSHALL'S Travels through *Denmark*, for the Character of that incomparable Nobleman Count RANCELLEN.

KILLARNEY.

YY

From GALWAY'S* virtues flow such blessings still,—
GALWAY, who rules obedient to his will;

The rebel crowd;—he sways with lenient hand, 180
To serve his Sovereign, and protect the land,

Such, O! KENMARE, the virtues of thy breast:
The laws defending, and when blessing blest!—

DESCRIBE, O muse, in grateful numbers, say,
How KERRY's nobles pass the festive day? 185

Here some the bustle of the town forsake;
To hunt the branching monarch o'er the Lake!

Here, patient anglers cast the luring fly;
Here, sailing o'er the bosom of the sky;
Th' aerial travellers catch the fowler's eye. 190

The panting hare her timid walk essays,
In vain!—for death awaits her ev'ry maze;

Here some o'er mountains, woods, and vallies range;
While strength and pleasure spring from ev'ry change,

Here, gallant youths ride dauntless o'er the plain, 195
While others ply soft music's thrilling strain;

Here, others oft at ball and billiards play,
And some to *Bacchus* dedicate the day.

Such the fond sports, of this Elysian place,
Where art and nature vie, with vary'd grace.— 200

* THOMAS GALWAY, Esq; who under the appointment of Lord KENMARE, with unremitting vigilance, administers inflexible Justice in the Town.

SEE where yon snow-white stately mansion's seen,
Deep sunk in lawns, and groves for ever green!

Here, once a dreary, dark, impervious wood,
Of gloomy shades, in earlier ages stood,

Where the fell spoiler, void of terror, slept, 205
And daring plund'ers mid-night orgies kept.

To law's restrictions they no rev'ence paid,
For guilt and rapine dwelt in ev'ry shade?

But KENMARE, sprung from long illustrious race,
By Heav'n ordain'd to rule this happy place, 210

Bade exil'd VIRTUE here, resume her seat,
While JUSTICE pois'd her scale in awful state.

Rough finewy toil he cheer'd with bounteous hand,
And rul'd, in peace, a grateful happy band;

Soon chang'd the desert—soon the land reclaim'd, 215
The rude instructed—and the savage tam'd!

Hail, fair IERNE! my first muse, declare!
Where wilt thou find another like KENMARE?

Whose lib'ral heart, with dignity innate,
Show'rs blessings round his vivify'd estate; 220

Whose care alone could equal his design,
'Till like himself, he made KILLARNEY shine!—

NEXT, we thro' Velvet fields our journey take,
Where FLESK rolls on impetuous to the Lake,

Delightful

Delightful views!—bewitching scenes appear!— 225

There, sunny hills!—and tall plantations *here*!—

Now on his winding flow'ry banks we tread,
Where time-crown'd trees their hoary honors spread

Thro' deep-sunk woods, we take our pensive round;

Now, thro' the vale—and, now, the rising ground—230

Inspire O! muse, what numbers can recount,

Each rosy prospect smiling on each mount?

The frisking lambkins on each side are seen;

And preying eaglets hover o'er the green;

While the blythe milk-maid tunes her artless strain, 235

And the glad shepherd whistles o'er the plain.

BEHOLD YON HAMLET to the muse ascend—

Where stately oaks o'er beechen beauty bend—

Here CYCLOPS' sons once urg'd the pond rous toil,

First taught by VULCAN in the *Lemnian Isle*, 240

(So poets tell, and here the muse would draw

Poetic fancy from poetic law:)

Unwieldy hammers, of enormous size,

Forc'd by loud cataracts alternate rise:

Meet the bold furge—while yet beneath their sway, 245

The mines tough-stubborn offspring must obey.

At length, arriv'd on MANGERTON's proud peak,

We view each valley, country, town, and creek.

Hail,

Hail, lofty MANGERTON, commanding pile!

Hail, second ATLAS of IERNE's Isle! 250

'Tis thine to awe—and yet delight the eye,
Stupendous wild!—majestically high!—

Compar'd with thee, the groves their awe forsake,
And cloud-capt *Turk* sinks level with the Lake!

As soon shall youth with force *Herculean* vie, 255
And humble prospects mingle with the sky;

As *Turk's* tall height shall meet the rival shade,
Howe'er by age and naval strength proud made.

Lo! BANTRY's bay—and GLENEROW appear!
Adorn'd with all the blessings of the year! 260

See, on its banks, each yellow-waving field,
To the glad Farmer's hopes, and fickle yield!

Here ev'ry man reigns monarch of his mind,
With judgment-sense, accomplish'd and refin'd:

Here once O'SULL'VAN, chief of all the west, 265
Rul'd o'er the coast, with peace and plenty blest;

Here courtly beauties reign'd in days of yore,
The boasts of this fond hospitable shore.

What cannot beauty, in a manly frame!
HESPERIA's shores he fought, and overcame! 270

The God of LOVE, still waiting his command,
Produc'd his quiver, o'er the fatal land,

When

When bright CELINDA, princess of the west,
Beheld his charms, and still his charms confess:

She saw, alas! nor saw with senseless view, 276
She drank sweet poison, lost without a clue!

She pin'd, while modesty conceal'd her woes—
Ah! 'mid love's wiles how often lurk our foes?

O'SULLIVAN, now felt an equal fire,
And, thus accosting all his soul's desire, 280

Said;—"O! thou blossom of this friendly coast,

"Know that, like thee, a regal source I boast;

"My fire a Monarch, o'er a gen'rous land,

"Chiefs—and vast tracts, and legions I command;

"Yet, fall'n to beauty's soft-perswading pow'r, 285

"Behold your captive prince, in peril's hour!

"Peril!—'tis love! 'tis bitter, and yet sweet!

"Lo! here I bend a suppliant at thy feet;"—

She blush'd—her speaking eye declar'd the rest,

When, gently leaning on the prince's breast, 290

She sigh'd consent—"for ever lov'd, and dear,

"Name but my fate, and hush my rising fear;

"Bear me where footsteps never press'd the shore,

"With thee, 'tis heav'n on earth, or something more!"

She spoke; the hero clasp'd her in his arms, 295

Blest in her love, and lord of all her charms.

The

The natives here all-gen'rous, good and kind,
Display the festive treasures of the mind;

The helpless traveller here shall meet an home,
Tho' cast for exile, and ordain'd to roam!— 300

THE next bold view is IVERA's wild shore
Where *India's* swarthy sons pour, oft, their store,
Tho' lawless wines are shipwreck'd on the coast,
The people there a richer bev'rage boast,

HIBERNIA's native juice—distill'd long here, 305
Arm'd clowns with courage, wing'd with joy the year.

Her brightest bards enlighten'd in this clime,
More sweetly sung, and pour'd their souls in rhyme.

While to the pipe they tun'd a rural lay,
And prais'd St. PATRICK, 'till the rise of day. 310

NOW SKELLIG's chalky fides, 'mid surges rise,
And dreadful waves, in mountains, reach the skies!

Here, boist'rous breaking billows ever roar,
And, in harsh thunders, lash th' obstructing shore!—

Onward we stretch, to DINGLE's dreadful main, 315
Where lies a rock, *destructive once to Spain!*

Ah, here, let mem'ry long, with sorrow tell,
How *Spain's* best chief, and *Spain's* best promise fell!

Ah! fate too hard!—a gen'rous prince behold
Lost—*tho' destroy'd not by all tempting gold.* 320

Of great MILESUS, he the darling pride,
Rose of his youth, and to the nine ally'd,

Fell in life's bloom—a victim to the storm,
While lov'd LAVINIA's all-accomplish'd form

Sunk in despair;—a noble prince bemoan'd, 325
Pin'd—wept—and beauty's last existence groan'd!—

On this fam'd shore, shall fond remembrance tell
How lov'd—how princely—and how great he fell!

HESPERIA's hope, proud blossom of his youth,
From birth distinguish'd for each gen'rous truth, 330

Too fatal tempest!—too unhappy coast!—
Where sunk LAVINIA's love-ensuring boast!

From SCYTHIA's shore, like *Troy's* fam'd chief, he ran,
The friend of exil'd virtue—and of man.

'Till tempest-beaten, from thy banks was driv'n 335
Youth's fair example, call'd too soon to heav'n!

Yet, why too soon?—'tis virtue's first abode!—

He ran his race, and virtue was his road.

Here commerce, spreading all her ample stores,

Pours distant wealth on these dread craggy shores! 340

Wafts *Gallia's* treasures instant to our view,

China's rich gems—and *Ingots* of *Peru*.

APPROACH we next, old VENTRY's bloody strand,
Where Myriads fell by fierce BELLONA's hand!

Where hills of heroes slain, oppress'd the ground, 345
And bones gigantic pav'd the valley round!

Here DARIAS DON, that mighty monarch fell,
By FIN M'CUIL, (as old historians tell)

While his huge brother fell'd by OSCUR's hand,
A lifeless corse ensanguin'd all the strand! 350

Now GLENAGALT full rises to the view,
The fam'd asylum of the love-sick crew,

This their resort, in crowds the hapless made;
And fought the covert of its dreary shade.

When faithless paramours to vice inclin'd, 355
Stain'd the young heart—and still debas'd the mind,

Here they pour'd in distracted—savage—wild,—
And in its kindred gloom their hard hard-fate beguil'd!

Here the lost fair by treach'rous art betray'd
In youth's soft glow, allow'd her bloom to fade. 360

But oh! of late, we scarcely here, can see
A bush—a covert—or a single tree!

The unrelenting axe such havock made
As left its moon-struck wretches void of shade!

Happy, were these on hospitable ground, 365
Where pity—love—and friendship could be found,

Of which, O! KERRY, thou can'st truly boast,
When fame resounds thy worth, on ev'ry coast.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD TRALEE! and yonder rising mount*
Where HEALTH's young goddess holds her chrystal
fount! 370

Whence fell PANDORA's num'rous evils fly,
And all return with health—who fear to die,
Long on thee, *Bath*, and on the south of *France*,
Did taste and fashion full attendance dance,

Yet—yet—at home, can happier stars bestow 375
Each single blessing that from health can flow.

Each polish'd pleasure too—where can it more
Attraction boast, than on this beauteous shore?

Rise then ye fair—each patriot virtue own,
And make your country's genius mount his throne. 380

IERNE's beauties all should lead the van,
To hail those blessings which at home they can,
Nor seek at fashion's frippering foolish nod,
Bliss far inferior in a strange abode!—

ON to the beech, where BRANDON's billows roar, 385
Where the rude torrents still assail the shore;

BRANDON, which guards this fair Hesperian coast,
Whose vast tall height sinks still, in ocean lost!—

SEE BALLY-HEIG! where winds and waves engage,
And surges buffet, with eternal rage, 390

* The Bath of TRALEE, frequented by personages of the first distinction.

Here NEPTUNE daily rolls his angry store,
And ships and sailors scatters on the shore!

YON, lies the vale, where erst victorious bands,
In scenes of carnage, stain'd their guilty hands!

Befide that valley, royal SCOTIA fell— 395
Long shall our legends all her virtues tell;

SCOTIA, whose name to freedom's genius dear,
Shall long convey the fame of many a year.

ON to the Capes, we boldly bend our way,
Where SHANNON rolls his treasures to the sea. 400

Delightful view!—with blessings pregnant o'er!
Where floating forests crowd the busy shore;

Brought by that wealth, and that fair lordly tide,
Whence LIM'Rick's ample commerce is supply'd,—

Sweet LIM'Rick! rise in fortune as in fame, 405
And future bards perpetuate thy name!

Still bloom in song—still spread thy fortunes wide,
Thou gen'rous seat of *Munster's* glorious pride.

O mighty MANGERTON! with wonder crown'd,
What a vast pool is in thy vertex found? 410

Lodg'd here, in azure clouds, for ages flood
A spacious Lake, unconscious of a flood,

'Till noble HERBERT op'd thy watry store,
And made rich cat'raets down thy bosom roar!

Loudly

Loudly they roll, majestic to the sight, 415
Proud endless prospects of sublime delight:

With awful eyes, thy summit we survey,
Where SOL's bright beams first usher in the day;
To light's fair source our fervent vows we send,
And, hailing heav'n, with grateful steps descend. 420

THE beauteous MUCRUSS next, our view salutes,
Where rich *Pomona* pours her golden fruits!

Here, various flow'rs, disclose their various dyes,
And with their fragrance fill surrounding skies;

Here, the *Arbutus* rears its verdant head, 425
Whose sweets eternal nature's bounties spread:

And, from each branch, celestial odours give,
And bid health, youth, and human vigour live.

Unions, tho' rare!—still, here at once display,
The bleak *December*, and the flow'ry *May*.— 430

See nature there, in blooming dress, appear
The finest col'rings of the vary'd year!

New glories rise alternate to the eye
And ev'ry shade exceeds a tyrian dye.

Embosom'd parks, display'd in ev'ry grove, 435
And ev'ry shade re-echoes strains of love.

See yonder mansion, in majestic pride,
With courtly turrets, verging o'er the tide,

As

As a great chief, uplifted in his car,
From a proud summit, views th' embattled war; 440

So the steep pile commands the happy vale,
By worth establish'd—scented by each gale.

While nature's hand her bounteous aid bestows,
And all around each bliss enchanting glows!

Pass onward still! what beauties rise to view! 445
Transporting scenes, and objects ever new!

Where sky-embracing oaks their boughs display;
Where purling streams, along the meadows, play;

What blooming forests skirt the western skies!
And from each grove *Arabia's* sweets, arise! 450

Some shield the Lake from Sol's meridian beams,
Some veil the walks, and some the purling streams;

While the sweet birds with throats harmonious sing,
And, with their strains, make groves and vallies ring.

See woods implanted round the peaceful tide! 455
Wide spread their branches, and their verdure wide;

See shrubs perfum'd, projecting o'er the deep!
See others rise, and crown the rocky steep!

Here deeply hid, the latent treasures lie,
Conceal'd in earth from man's exploring eye, 460

And richest marble swells the pregnant ground,
While deep beneath the golden ore is found.—

What

What heav'nly landscapes, here bewitch the soul!
 What foaming torrents down each summit roll!

Th' impetuous streams thro' rock-grown vallies break
 Their rapid course, then sink into the Lake! 465

HERE *Turk* looks down with his terrific mien,
 On this fond spot—this ever-sacred scene:

Nature here plac'd this rugged-rocky pile,
 (Ah! what a contrast to each wave-girt isle!) 470

His awful brows the roaring tempests meet,
 Rocks on his sides, and waters at his feet!—

TELL me, O! muse, what landscape can be found,
 What sweet elysium, or what fairy ground;

What heav'n-blest spot, expanding fancy's soul, 475
 Can equal this?—where found from pole to pole?—

Go, view *Versailles*—go, travel Europe round,—
 Returning, own a *Mucruiss* can't be found!

A monarch's wealth may raise a *Fountainbleau*!
 But 'tis for Nature *Mucruiss*' pride to shew! 480

KILLARNEY's vary'd WONDERS to display,
 Defies a *Bourbon*'s—or a *Nassau*'s sway!

WHAT solemn silence reigns, while here we stray,
 To yonder shade o'ershadowing the day!

Hail

Hail moss-grown cloisters! and ye vaults decay'd! 485
Dare we attempt your dark embosom'd shade?

High heav'n direct our foot-steps, as we tread,
The silent, mould'ring mansions of the dead!

A time there was, when they with life were blest,
(And time shall be, when we like these shall rest) 490

Deep in the shade, impervious to the skies,
A venerable pile, in ruin, lies!

To whose dark sides the moss and ivy cling,
And sorrow's notes, in plaintive murmurs, ring.

Here long had dwelt, a venerable sage, 495
Deep sunk in shades, the wonder of his age;

Full twice three winters, fortuneless unknown,
(The herbs his food, his bed the rugged stone!)

The hermit past, within this fam'd retreat,
His beard unshorn, unvisited his seat, 500

Save by the owl, that moping from her nest
With dull sad notes, invaded on his rest!

Hard fate of man! how changeable is life!
How fleet its joys—how soon the prey of strife!—

His earlier days had tasted pleasure's spring, 505
What will not fraud, and soothing flatt'ry bring!

His was the heart that glow'd for human kind;
His were the treasures of the feeling mind!

Like

Like *Attic Timon*, his unsparing hand
Made social worth, and friendship bless the land; 510

'Till poor,—betray'd by those his bounty fed,
In deep disgust, to this retreat he fled:

Where, rich in poverty, he liv'd content,
Nor sigh'd for aught that pomp or fortune sent.

Stoic indeed! too rigid was thy view; 515

Was there no social—no befriending clue

To guide thy steps, thro' life's unhearing wild,
To scenes where hope, or genial friendship smil'd?

Tho' treach'rous fraud beguil'd thy former days,
That social *something* man affords to please, 520

For human nature's honour, be it known,
The world has blessings ever to be shewn!

If one cool villain cheat and oft betray,
Millions are found that honesty display!—

WITHIN these gothic walls, behold a yew, 525
Which on furrounding graves, distills its dew!

Behold its trunk, long wither'd down with age,
Where mid-night owls their future ills presage;

Where humming beetles unmolested roam!
Where sluggish bats erect their silent home! 530

Where the slow snail crawls o'er the blanching bone,
And dewy damps consume the living stone!

Where slow dull reptiles creep along the wall,
And frightful ghosts the human mind appal!

Where polish'd columns swell with sculptur'd stones;
With time-worn epitaphs and wither'd bones! 535

The silent graves invite us from the walls!
The stately urn our fix'd attention calls!

Slowly we pass, in melancholy state,
And mov'd, survey the mould'ring heaps of fate! 540

Here, some fam'd chiefs, in weeping arches, lie,
Whose virtuous deeds forbid their names to die,

A rosy virgin lies, beneath *this tomb*,
Snatch'd, by death's hand, in beauty's fairest bloom!

Here, too the youth, beneath this speaking slate, 545
Who mourn'd, in vain, young *Emma's* early fate!

Lo! here the sage, confounded with the boor!
And here the feeling patron of the poor!

Here, a dull prelate—*there* a member see,
Whose proud oppression, heav'n keep far from me! 550

Here rests a lord, and there promiscuous lies
The priest—the vain—the ignorant—the wise!

And, in some years, (as in some years we must,
Like these alas! return to pristine dust:)

Let us explore each avenue of life, 555
Return to nature's *God*—and shrink from future strife!

For what avails all human pride can bring,
 Death grasps alike the beggar and the king!
 Pride and ambition from their thrones must fall,
 And universal chaos bury all!—— 560

AND O! (what lesson to presumptuous man)
 Behold, with slow, sad steps, the funeral van!
 Led to the grave, ambition, pride, and wealth,
 That boasted beauty, strength, and blooming health!
 Swept from it's joys, unwarn'd and unprepar'd, 565
 Tho' but few moments past since heav'n he dar'd!

Ah! how unlike *Humanus!* whose kind hand
 Diffus'd, each hour, it's blessing's o'er the land!
 Warm'd the cold heart, the shiv'ring orphan chear'd,
 Who dy'd lamented, as he liv'd, rever'd!— 570

See the full tears fast water ev'ry grave!
 While weeping friendship mourns the good and brave!
 Mark the fond parent, child, and brother weep!
 See, dress'd, with flow'rets, relatives here sleep!

Ah! what a loud and melancholy cry? 575
 How heaves each heart, fond nature's heaviest sigh!

Behold yon virgin, clad in orient bloom,
 Like a fair statue, o'er a mother's tomb!

In vain BELINDA hangs a drooping head!
 In vain she calls her from the silent dead! 580

She weeps, she sighs,—and weeps, and sighs, again,
Still weeps, and sighs, and weeps, and sighs, in vain!

Sweet penfive maid, ah! droop thy head no more,
May heav'n thy strength and fortitude restore!

For, vain thy sorrows—vain ambition's bust,
Nor birth, nor pow'rs distinguish'd in the dust.

The peasant's mattock, like the sceptre seen,
Claims equal rank, along this lowly green!—

See the fond youth a father's fate deplore!
View the sad widow, cheer'd by love no more!

Rend her white breast!—and oh! the lover view,
With tears fast trickling, like the May-morn dew!

Mark the lorn mother, weep her only boy,
Her pride!—her hope!—her comfort!—and her joy!—

Seem not the languid sadly-drooping weeds,
Here to condole, with ev'ry heart that bleeds?

Where drowsy poppies shed their mournful dews,
And rain-fraught cowslips weep with weeping yews!

Look round each dreary monument of woe;
Feel for life's sorrows—yet with fervor glow,

To that pure source—redemption's loving God,
Who cheers with hope!—and breaks death's ebon rod!

HENCE we to CARNANE our fair journey take;
See, on her banks, the treasures of the Lake!

The finny race how num'rous on the shore! 605
 No anglers art attempts the boundless store.

Sweet CARNANE fair!—thou blooming blest retreat!
 Where learned HERBERT holds his blissful seat:—

HERBERT the kind, the hospitable friend,
 Whose genial virtues all the nine commend: 610

Whose happy *partner* gains each gen'rous heart,
 Good, without pride, “and easy without art.”

How oft thro' these fair meadows have I stray'd,
 And made thee, muse, my fav'rite of the shade!

How oft, by turns, we learn'd to melt and glow, 615
 At acts of friendship, and at tales of woe!

How fondly has my raptur'd fancy, there,
 Rais'd rich, proud, tow'ring castles in the air!—

Farewel, sweet CARNANE!—lovely spot adieu!—
 While we our journey to ROSS-ISLE pursue! 620

SEE yonder pile! for ages known to fame,
 Which to the wealthy island gives the name!

Hemm'd in by gentle FLESK, that round it flows,
 To guard the castle from it's country's foes!

What numbers, here, untimely met their fall; 625
 Before this great, this siege-defying wall!

What thund'ring cannon on the ramparts flood?
 What chieftains fell? what vales were stain'd with
 blood?

What

What shocks has not this bulwark long sustain'd?
 What God-like heroes in the castle reign'd? 630

Here thou, O'DONOGHUE, theme of many a tale,
 Long sway'dst the sceptre o'er the happy vale!

What herds of deer along this valley stray'd!

What fleecy flocks long deck'd the prosp'rous mead!

What champing steeds! what hunters and what
 hounds! 635

Dar'd the strong flood, and scour'd the marshy grounds!

Hail'd Mangerton, and swept their mazy rounds!

Within his walls each day, as poets tell,

Beneath the steel an ox, enormous, fell!

To cheer the stranger was his princely board, 640

With richest viands hospitably stor'd;

To bards his gen'rous bounty knew no end,

Himself, of learning, and the muse, the friend.

For all MAMONIA'S Kings in days of yore,

With yearly tribute swell'd his regal store. 645

Now, to yon shades, where shrubs spontaneous rise,

And clouds of fragrance scent the balmy skies,

We urge our footsteps where the love-lorn dove,

Cooes o'er the glade, pathetic tales of love,

While the fond shepherd tunes his rural lay, 650

And blushing DAPHNE rivals op'ning May.

See yonder woods their treasur'd vaults unfold!
 Where cavern'd miners toil for tempting gold,
 Who from the deep emit rich mineral ore,
 And crown'd with plenty, labour still for more. 655
 Where sapping slowly, thro' the winding cave,
 They meet, too oft, a dark untimely grave!
 Ah! man, how long shall gold attract thy hand,
 To perils vault—to desolate the land?—
 Gold, that to ravage, serves a tyrant's cause, 660
 To trample justice, and subvert the laws!
 But hap'ly plac'd in EQUITY's fair hand,
 Spreads peace and plenty o'er a thriving land!
 Thus, does corruption gain her fawning tribes,
 And pseudo-patriots are seduc'd by bribes! 665
 The world's idolators—tam'd Nature's rod,
 Who cringe to MAN, regardless of their God.
 Who hunt out gold, as tigers hunt their prey,
 Promise, to break, and flatter, to betray!—

COME, now, soft muse, sweet INNISFALLEN sing, 670
 Come, mem'ry come, and stretch thy fancy's wing;
 For fill'd with all APOLLO's young desire,
 We next for thee, fond Island, string the lyre!
 Here, sacred MONKS, of deep-embosom'd lore,
 Cloister'd an abbey on this woody shore! 675

Where

Where pious *Priests*, with heav'nly thoughts inspir'd,
From noise, from care, and from each vice retir'd!

From life's vain baits, sequester'd in the shade,
Spurn'd tempting pelf, and God alone obey'd.

Happy!—thrice happy!—in the pious choice, 680
Howe'er rejected by the tyrant's voice.—

Behold the wide effects of barb'rous times!
See round the ruins clasping ivy climbs!

Ah! what a fall to abjectness, from pride!
Such man's frail state, and so is man ally'd! 685

Lo! catching thought—arresting just surprize!
What pop'lar tumults float before our eyes!

Rous'd from their hamlets, and their princely tow'rs,
See thousands headed by their lordly pow'rs!

In joyous pomp, proceeding o'er the plain, 690
(Each rural beauty smiling on her swain.—)

What vig'rous striplings, sturdy, stout and strong,
To LENE's fam'd currents in bold legions throng;

Their arms innur'd to ply the lab'ring oars,
The billows brush—and gain the distant shores. 695

Rise, gen'rous muse, and sing that glorious day,
When boats contending skim'd the watry way!

Say what proud chieftain gain'd the golden prize,
When praise-crown'd clamours rent the vaulted skies!

Here,

Here, what a struggle!—there, what plaudits ring!— 700
Such plaudits as contending bards shall sing;

Bards—who shall vie to celebrate the place,
And strive, like them, to win the glorious race.—

Twice three proud boats the fairest and the best,
Selected are by judges from the rest, 705

The prime bold two, to good KENMARE belong,
Whose speed shall grace KILLARNEY's many a song,

Pride of the waves, fast sailing, firm and good,
To deck—to grace—and beautify the flood.—

One HERBERT fends,—she proudly cleaves the waves,
Next rides MAHONY'S—and the rest she braves; 710

One BEAUFORD fends—where dwells that good divine,
Judicious DAY, the fav'rite of the nine.

Now CRONIN'S boat comes peering with the rest,
Who, like her owner, ev'ry fame possess. 715

Now quickly grasp each boats' selected crew,
The polish'd oars of vari'gated hue!

Then bend to heav'n, to gain the doubtful day,
While crowds un-number'd fill the flow'ry way;

Throngs press on throngs—see each contention strong,
View the fair flood, and shoulder'd move along; 720

As, when conflicting armies urge their way,
Each, to improve the glories of the day,

Proudly to mingle o'er the dusty plain,
And deathless fame—and cloudless honor gain, 725

So press the chiefs, and thus their feats began,
While fame suspending seem'd to wait each man,—

Had war-fam'd WASHINGTON such barges known;
How would his heart such men and barges own?

Thrice blest in such, his wars had long been o'er, 730
And other blessings crown'd *Britannia's* shore.—

All now prepar'd—the contest to maintain,
They wait the signal, on the liquid plain;

With fix'd attention, ardently they wait,
While hearts impatient generously beat: 735

In ev'ry glowing breast see glory rise!
All wishing to possess the golden prize.

Lo! the sign given, from a rising ground,
It cheers the crew, and rolls a long-lov'd sound.

Quick-lab'ring oars, like rapid lightnings go! 740
Quick work the hands! and all their bosoms glow!

The dubious strife the crowd and chieftains view,
Boat strives with boat, and crew contends with crew!

With manly force, they sweep along the shores,
Their fin'wy arms uplift the pond'rous oars, 745

While loud huzzas and joyous clamours rise,
And shouts, on shouts, ascend the echoing skies;

Along

Along they skim, with swiftneſs uncontroul'd,
Eager to gain the glory and the gold.

Exulting thoughts in ev'ry boſom blaze, 750
Bravely reſolv'd to venture life for praiſe.

Now loud applauſes mark the ſhoutiſg crowd,
And ſailors mix their clamours with each cloud.

From ſhore to ſhore, ſwift runs the deaf'ning ſound,
And echo's vault reverberates around! 755

Fond liſtning echo!—to KILLARNEY dear,
Here the ſam'd boalt of many a ſportful year!

Lo! now amid the hurry and uproar,
See, HERBERT'S *Carolina* ſhoot before!

She floats—ſhe ſkims—ſhe now each billow braves, 760
And ſcuds along, the foremoſt on the waves;

Thus, the proud ſteed ſweeps foremoſt of the reſt,
With eager ſpeed, and high-erected creſt,

While other owners view with ſtern diſmay,
The loſs—the ſhame—and glory of the day; 765

With jaundie'd look, ſurvey her far ſam'd ſpeed,
Approve by turns—yet envy all the meed.—

They puſh—they tugg—they ſtruggle—they contend,
And each alternate proves falſe fortune's friend;

No more, the crowd poſſeſs them in their ſight, 770
They run—they go—like ſaſhes of the night:

And on each side the circles view, in vain,
The little NAVY struggling on the LENE—

The waves, and billows now more loudly roar,
By naval strife, convuls'd from shore to shore! 775

Rous'd by the bustle of the boats o'er head,
O'DONOGHUE forakes his oozy bed.

AH! hapless *Lord*—from earth's blest precincts torn!
Whose sudden fall, succeeding years shall mourn,
Tho' crown'd the monarch of a beauteous Lake, 780
Yet shall our love, thy virtues ne'er forsake!

BELINDA view'd the beauties of thy form,
Beheld, with pride, O'DONOGHUE's each charm;
Nymph of the flood, her fond command she gave,
And bore thee swiftly to her azure wave. 785

What will not love?—alas! th' impassion'd maid,
Tho' rich in modest virtue, long display'd:

Yet love—subdu'd, became the prey of care,
Tho' pure as angels—and as angels fair.—

Wept by each bard—by many a pen deplor'd, 790
The chief who many starry worlds explor'd.

Thy princely bounty, sung by ev'ry muse,
E'en future MAROS, as a theme, may chuse.

Too fatal day! when hospitably great,
Thy guests had mourn'd thy yet untimely fate; 795

Thy

Thy social board with ev'ry viand crown'd,
And round thy hall each sparkling joy was found;

BELINDA'S magic, fatal spell supply'd,
Down sunk thy spirits, and thy prowess dy'd;

Torn from thy friends, convivially then blest, 800
Friends who long knew the virtues of thy breast,

And fought thee long, with pray'rs, and sighs, and tears,
And paid thee homage, thro' revolving years!

Yet hope,—but hope for thee alas! is vain,
The Lake thy dome, the Lake thy liquid reign. 805

Fond weeping few—your griefs, so justly shewn,
May mourn his fate!—nor yet redress your own;

Time's scythe shall now, whate'er we hold most dear,
And still add sorrows to each circling year!

Cease, then your wailing—venerate his name, 810
And bid him live in ever-blooming fame.

THEN—then appear'd, surrounded by his train,
On steeds of fire that cleft the liquid plain,

Fire in their looks,—impatience in their view,
Dauntless they foam, and terrify each crew! 815

Proud they advanc'd, the hills began to shake,
With louder claps it thunder'd o'er the Lake!

The sailors now suspend their fleet career,
To eye th' approaching silver-headed SEER,

The

The hoary monarch, with delight, they view, 820
Struck with fond awe, they knew not what to do!

Ten thousand times they wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
To stand far from O'DONOGHUE's domain.—

Behold the prince advance! with eager speed,
Behold him rein! each liquid-rolling steed, 825

On waving billows, *Neptune*-like, he stood,
His dreadful presense hush'd the angry flood;

His glaring eye-balls, fiercely fill'd with fire,
Portend his wrath—his great—and vengeful ire!

Th' affrighted rowers, now, could ply no more, 830
And now the waves roll humbly to the shore:

Thus, when a chief can deign to interpose,
His wise strong lessons hush contending foes.

The fearful mob, regardful of his laws,
Divide—withdraw—and drop contention's cause. 835

The vengeful king, enrag'd, accosts the van,
And, with a voice of thunder, thus began;

“ Too weak, fond mortals! vain presumptuous band,

“ Thro' what ambition, or by whose command,

“ Attempt you, thus, to venture on this deep, 840

“ Where the tide-nymphs and watry monarch's sleep?

“ Hence!—or!—but yet, 'tis better hush your strife!

“ 'Tis not for kings to kindle flames in life!

“ 'Tis

" 'Tis not for princes of this deep to shew
 " What dire effects from wild ambition flow."— 845

Oh! happier had been ev'ry child of care,
 Had ev'ry monarch thus inclin'd to spare,
 But mad, dread rage for gold, and lawless pow'r,
 Haunts their retreats, and darkens ev'ry hour.—

Too dull—sad scenes!—may future monarchs tell, 850
 How low each despot from his sceptre fell!

Learn, from example, how a people's rage
 Can crush!—how gentle *Sovereigns* can engage:

Resum'd his speech, the angry monarch gave
 His just prevention to his subject wave. 855

Commanding silence; " humble be your fate!
 " 'Tis not for subjects to oppose the great!

" Yet cautious stand—nor thus disturb my reign,
 " Exert your rage and prowess on the plain."

He said;—pale terror shook each quav'ring frame! 860
 And night's dark shadows all their souls o'ercame!

Each stood aghast,—dismay sunk ev'ry breast,
 'Till SULLIVANBER thus the God address;

" Great potent Lord, sole Umpire of this place,
 " In mercy, spare a fond contending race. 865

" If life's ambition form a mortal joy,
 " Heav'ns will behold, with pity—nor destroy."

They

They bow'd submission—thus the prince reply'd,

“ Proceed your contest—or from rage, or pride?

“ Whence the contention?—speak your master's name? 870

“ Whether for gold?—or is your strife for fame?”

They blush—they bow—each master's name declare,
Confess that honor solely was their care.

Their happy lords no fordid wish e'er knew!

For honest pride and glory were their view; 875

If then, (they cry) “ thy royal breast can spare,

“ Forgive, O chief, and pity's laurel bear.”—

To this the SEER, “ be angels still your guard,

“ And fame and honor your first helm reward,

“ On my fair tide be long your barges shewn, 880

“ And prove the world's strong rivals—but my own!

“ Plough my proud deep—by no dismay o'ercast,

“ Your's is the tribute, and your deeds shall last;

“ While hoary, sage, and silver-lock'd your God

“ Shall sway his trident—or effect a nod.”— 885

Thus having said, he pull'd his golden rein,

And fought majestic his cerulean plain:

His watry palace opes its golden gates,

Th' obedient tide his sovereign nod awaits;

The monarch turns, and wields his sceptred hand, 890

The subject waves roll silent to the strand.—

THE prince now sunk—soft breathing *Zephyrs* rise,
Smooth was the Lake, serenely look'd the skies.

All nature then, as conscious of the glow,
Resum'd a face that rose from nature's flow. 895

The boats renew their contest now again,
The first with ardour their success maintain;
The hinder rush, the foremost place to gain. }

Just so, fleet couriers, starting from the goal,
While dusty plains beneath their footsteps roll: 900

Each nerve—each sinew—strain to lead the way,
And all their mighty energy display.—

O'MAHONY's nerv'd men, with ardour, fir'd,
(Their breasts with love of deathless fame inspir'd,)

Quick ply their oars, and shoot beyond the rest, 905
With *pleasing* thoughts of conquest full possess,

Eager of speed—impatient, now, they sweep,
Their strokes re-doubl'd cleave the yielding deep.

O'er rolling waves their bounding boat they guide,
While tossing foam obscures the troubled tide; 910

Close in the rear, O'DAY's and good KENMARE's,
While each in view the meed of glory wears!

With throbbing breasts they fly each vile disgrace,
And urge with manly energy the race.

As lightning quick, they cut the deep profound, 915
And seek the goal with conquest's laurel crown'd;

Thrice happy few!—your oars shall often tell
How heroes conquer'd—and how heroes fell!

In lists of fame!—be ever your's the tongue
That long shall animate the poets' song.— 920

See! in the waves, they ply the sounding oar!
While blood-warm streamlets run from ev'ry pore.

Swift CAROLINA's pilot, now, implores
Her faithful few, to ply their faithful oars;

“ My gen'rous friends, ah! why this cold dismay? 925

“ Why thus grow faint?—why swerve my friendly
fway?

“ Fly!—faster fly!—drive thro' the rushing tide,

“ Be your's the oars—and mine the helm to guide.

“ Let brave past deeds now nobler feasts inspire,

“ And ev'ry bosom catch the hero's fire. 930

“ Success, once more, your lab'ring oars may crown,

“ 'Tis your's to seek!—but heav'ns to give renown!

“ 'Tis now decreed that he who bears the fway,

“ Shall to his race each laurel-praise convey! 935

“ His fame shall bloom, and visit ev'ry pole,

“ Live in each heart, and post to honor's goal!”—

Rous'd by his voice, his steely hands revive,

And, quick as thought, th' opposing billows rive;

Their wonted rivals gloriously despise, 940

And princely CAROLINA gains the prize.—

What

What shouts!—what praise—O! HERBERT, were thy
lot,

When fame and conquest crown'd thy happy boat!

Now hills, and dales, with loud applauses ring,
And blooming maids with songs enraptur'd sing. 945

Thus loud, fell clamours hostile armies yield,
When fierce BELLONA shakes her bossy shield!

From isle to isle, re-echo'd shouts arise,
And peals, redoubled, rend the neigh'ring skies.

Th' admiring crowds their wond'ring voices raise, 950
With loud hazzas they sound the victor's praise,

While gentle HERBERT, silent as a dove,
Seems of his joy unconscious yet to move.

THE next in place, O'MAHONY's bold band,
Now leap'd indignant on the silver strand; 955

Unus'd before in contest to give place,
Or yield the palm in *pride's* impetuous race.

Up sail'd O'DAY's bold, vig'rous, stout, and young,
Well-ear'd—well-mann'd, unyielding yet and strong;

She long disputed the contested place, 960
But lost the prize, the honor, and the race.

SEE CRONIN's next! well-labour'd by her few,
What hands so eager as his manly crew!

'Tis his to raise each honorable deed,
And crown with praise each genius and its meed. 965

Ah! BARRY—BARRY, hapless was thy fate!
Driven on a rock, and usher'd in too late!

Ah! had thy speed not been too soon o'ercast,
Thy strength, thy oars had not been found the last.

Stunn'd with amaze and shame, M'REVAL's crew 970
Come slow, long-lingering, scarcely yet in view!

Inflaming *Bacchus*—foe to human kind!

Unnerv'd their limbs—and stupify'd the mind.

In vain, they bend their unavailing oars!
Dull drowfy paddlers scoff'd from all the shores. 975

What cannot wine? the bane of ev'ry heart,
'Tis *wisdom's* poison, and the foe of *art*!

Ah! would to heav'n, that men were once but wise!
Then would they *Bacchus* and false joys despise!

Then had the heart secure of folly rose, 980
And *wisdom's* train condemn'd fair *wisdom's* foes!

Now all is hush'd—the noise and clamour o'er,
They now return to INNISFALLEN shore;

Where each enraptur'd—each proud victor's soul
Revives its spirits, o'er the flowing bowl. 985

There all the guests in friendship's cause combine,
And freely quaff the brightning joys of wine.

While

While thousand swains, and love's of swains, are seen,
In sportive measures, tripping o'er the green,

And ev'ry shade sends forth a thrilling sound, 990
And *music's* measures half enchant the ground!

Musick that might draw angels from their sphere,
Retain—enchant—and keep them listning here.

Sweet INNISFALLEN!—beauty's dearest seat!—
Enchanting isle!—delicious fair retreat!— 995

Here, once dwelt LAW, and all its lawful race,
And stamp'd fair fame and honor on the place,

Where holy *priests* describ'd preceding times,
Told all their virtues—and pursu'd their crimes;

Yet blasted stand their merit and their fame, 1000
Of blasting rage and bigotry the blame!

Fond youth, O'FLANAGAN *—thy learned page,
With manly truth, those tempests shall assuage;

Sprung from thy lore, so classically bright,
Shall all their glories rise from shadowing night! 1005

Tho' foes assail thee, thy historic breast
Shall the pure sun-shine of the truth attest,

To CLARE's fam'd county all her honor's give,
See! IRELAND's glory and her merit's live!—

Blest is thy country in thy stubborn truth; 1010
CLARE, that can boast thy classic pride and youth,

* *Theophilus O'Flanagan*, Esq; A. B. Scholar of *Trinity College*, Translator of the *Irish* to the *R. I. Academy*, and now publishing his Translation of the annals of *Innisfallen*.

Where dwell the *Bar's** persuasive skill and art,
And social worth is stamp'd on ev'ry heart.

Rise, learned youth, malignity condemn,
Blast ranc'rous folly, and its pride condemn. 1015

Spring from vain censure, fresh as *June's* young rose,
“ And sons shall weep their fathers were thy foes.”—

Here holy fire—devotion—warm'd the breast,
And living angels sung the soul to rest;

Where pious deeds, to regulate the mind, 1020
Pleas'd heav'n—improv'd, and strengthen'd human
kind.

Here contemplation—(silent heav'nly maid)
Erects her throne, and claims the silent shade.

Here blooming trees, thro' rugged rocks, are seen,
For ever fragrant, and for ever green! 1025

Soft downy banks, ambrosial beds are found,
And rosy sweets display their blessings round.

Promiscuous shades their verdant honors spread,
And leafy Autumns all their odours shed.

Tall tops of holly form impervious shades, 1030
And balmy violets beautify the glades.

The beech—the fir—still, here, their bloom bestow,
And, there, the ash, and, here, the cypress glow.—

* Witness Messrs. *Lyfaght, Stackpole and Fitzgerald.*

IN

In this blest wild, we met a heav'nly Fair! *
Who many a pang was doom'd, too long, to share. 1035

Not *Jove's* pure realms sent forth a brighter ray!
When *Cancer's* month convey'd its heav'n of day.

Venus ne'er boasted more bewitching eyes!
Nor on her cheeks could such a purple rise.

Ne'er could she pride in that snow-rising breast, 1040
Nor with more beauty could mankind be blest!

Round her lov'd lips, where thousand *Cupids* play'd,
Each sweet of nature, and each grace was laid.

Which sent their odours, like soft *April* show'rs!
And smil'd on all—while all confess'd her pow'rs. 1045

E'en eastern kings might quit their thrones to know
Her wit—her air—and all her beauty's glow.

Here wish'd the muse each rising blush to paint,
And sketch the rosy visage of the faint.

Lo! round the isle she goes with conqu'ring eye, 1050
Whilst none unwounded can her presence fly!

Now rose my soul and ask'd the sister nine,
Mov'd she a Goddess? []—or a nymph divine?—

"No" cry the tenants of each sylvan scene,
"There pass'd the charming *Innisfallen* Queen!" 1055

She whose each virtue journeying with the sun,
Lives in each heart, whose glories long shall run!

* The Hon. Mrs. BROWNE.
[] Et vera, incessu patuit Dea.

While BROWNE's fair name outliving tide and time,
Shall bloom, the theme of many a lofty rhyme.

Now in the barge, the river's height to gain, 1060
We float—we skim—along the little main:

Thro' pleasure's tide, as once proud *Egypt's* queen,
Along the CYDNUS, to attract was seen,

We float—but ah! beneath the silv'ry deep,
What countless perils!—what disasters sleep! 1065

A latent rock assails us as we glide,
Lo! sinks MONIMIA! down the dang'rous tide,

And young FLORELLA pride of ev'ry plain,
Sung by each bard, and lov'd by ev'ry swain;

Lov'd ill-star'd pair! your fate shall long be sung, 1070
Impress each heart and tremble on each tongue:

Your's was the bloom that sweeten'd like the gale!
Your's was the rose that scented ev'ry vale:

Your's was the lilly's richest fairest hue!
And your's each honor to each virtue due.— 1075

Pass we these gloomy melancholy thoughts,
Where wisdom fails, and prudence sinks to faults!

We pull—we haul—we pass that island side,
Where late AMINTOR made his nymph a bride?

As here she stray'd, surpassing all below, 1080
VENUS took fire—straight CUPID bent his bow!

Wheels

Wheels on the wing—quick flies the fervid dart,
And strikes the LOVER in the feeling heart.

Immediate victim of an am'rous fire,
And wildly toss'd with whirlwinds of desire! 1084

The mortal VENUS clasp'd within his arms,
He tastes—he rifles—more than mortal charms!

The yielding fair confess'd superior flame,
The happy island bears her honor'd name.

Ah! let not beauty sink at censure's call, 1090
What fair can meet such danger and not fall?—

ONWARD around the middle Lake we view,
What scenes romantic still our bliss renew?

In ev'ry isle are FLORA's velvet beds,
With all the pride that Summer's mildness sheds. 1095

But hark! what heav'nly, sweet enchanting notes,
What tuneful magic o'er each mountain floats!

Th' ærial sounds are wafted to the vale,
Hark! now they louder quaver on the gale;

And now convey'd to ev'ry warbling hill, 1200
Swell all the vale, and thro' my bosom thrill

From height, to height—from vale to vale, it flies,
And now the music fills the vaulted skies;

Th' admiring flocks from each responsive hill,
Enraptur'd with the harmony stand still; 1205

The warbling race, in silent wonder, lost,
Hush ev'ry note, nor rival music's boast.

Louder—still louder—float celestial airs,
Awfully grand as music of the spheres!

Yet—yet—to drown these soul-bewitching strains, 1210
What loud explosion breaks the neigh'ring plains?

What a dread roar from all the distant hills;
Sublime—tremendous—heav'ns high concave fills?

The deaf'ning thunders cause a wild affright,
A dreadful horror buries all the fight! 1215

Struck with new fear, with wonder, now we gaze,
Nor birds can sing—nor eager flocks can graze.

And now the echoing hills seem headlong hurl'd,
And gaping earthquakes seem t' engulf the world:

E'en MANGERTON with terror seems to quake, 1220
That high vast tow'ring *monarch* of the Lake.

But lo! again the soft harmonious sound,
With melting music fills each space around;

The dulcid notes make hills and vallies ring,
And half-fledg'd eaglets learn from them to sing; 1225

Pregnant with sweets the circling hills resound,
And ev'ry gale bears music's charms around.

Softness that might half-warm the frozen breast,
Twines round the soul, and lulls e'en pain to rest.—

Now

Now thro' the narrow freights our barge we guide,
 And tug with oars against the tumbling tide;
 Cleave with swell'd finews—while from ev'ry pore,
 Gush fultry floods, that burthen ev'ry oar;
 While from each side *Arabian* odours rise,
 Our hearts invig'rate, and embalm the skies;
 The scene soon chang'd—no woods the hills adorn,
 But all looks steril, rocky, and forlorn!
 Here bleak Sterility extends her sway,
 And nought but brooks along the vallies play.
 Ascend we yet, and change we the sad scene,
 Turn we to groves and lawns for ever green,
 Where all smiles round!—see! see! a nobler sight!
 Where rocks and woods, and cataracts unite!
 The ample Lake now opens to the view,
 Delightful, pleasing objects ever new;
 Look round and see what blooming isles appear!
 And woods and mountains decorate the year:
 What velvet lawns in each sweet blushing isle!
 Where Nature's bounty beams with fairest smile.
 The inner lawns, what numbers can display?
 Or one rich beauty of their growth convey?
 What muse, like nature, can such landscapes paint!
 Scenes! that might charm, and still improve the saint!

What shrubs of sweet perfume soft blooming peep?
 What rocks, tremendous, nodding o'er the deep? 1255

From isle to isle soft whisp'ring *Zephyrs* stray;
 And kifs from flow'rs the sweets of eastern *May*.

While, in the tide, woods, downward, seem to grow,
 And sportive hinds their shadows view below!

Near such a spot did *Aëleon* once appear, 1260
 When bathing *Dian* chang'd him to a deer:

Ill-fated youth! to your own dogs a prey,
 Like many a spendthrift sportsman of this day,
 Whose sad dull scenes asperion's voice pursues,
 Spite of sweet prospects and enchanting views. 1265

How truly wild the prospect, all around!
 Great mountains with impervious harbours crown'd;

See on the south, what purple hills * arise,
 And from the vales rich forests pierce the skies!

Once in that vale an *Irish* chieftain sway'd, 1270
 Call'd FIN M'CUIL—great monarch of the shade;

Whose tow'ring height, terrific once as bold,
 Caught ev'ry eye—still anxious to behold!

And, here, some tell his treasures he inurn'd:
 Treasures—which vanquish'd warriors long had
 mourn'd! 1275

Beneath yon darken'd shade how oft he stood?
 Clad in strong armour—stain'd with hostile blood!

* Hills so called.

O! still methinks these wilds and vales contain,
The bloody tracks of mighty chieftains slain!

Rocks, heap'd on rocks, shew, near yon watry course,
1280
The vast memorials of gigantic force!—

Here flow'rs, unseen, shoot forward, to decay;
Loft, in the wild, unaided by a ray!

Here nature proves her still-luxuriant pride:
By man untasted, and by beast untry'd! 1285

Save the fleet savage whose ascending pow'r,
Can o'er each limit—o'er each barrier tow'r!—

Who climbs the rock and braves the dark'ning shade,
With gloom terrific long familiar made!

AH! had kind nature, and the heav'nly race, 1290
Made this fair climate equal to the place!

Here might the orange thrive!—the tender vine!—
With clust'ring grapes the stately elm entwine;

Fruits now exotic would promiscuous grow,
And flow'rs, unknown, in paths prolific glow: 1295

The flow'ry myrtle could these vales adorn,
And luscious figs o'ershade the blossom'd thorn.

But then no wolves in these blest vallies prowl,
Nor hungry lions o'er the mountains howl;

Nor bear voracious tear th' innoxious lambs, 1300
Who strive, in vain, to gain their fleecy dams!

Nor

Nor hissing toads—nor lurking vipers lie;
Nor rattle-snakes affright the trav'ler's eye.

Nor Lethean monsters roam beneath the trees,
Nor flying bas'liks poison all the breeze; 1305

Our hills, our vales, no dang'rous monsters know,
St. PATRICK chas'd them centuries ago!

Reform'd our isle, and saw our country void
Of magic spells—all dæmons he destroy'd.—

Freed from such ills—and for each blessing giv'n, 1310
Oh! let our grateful fervour rise to heav'n:

Thanks to our isle's fam'd patron long be paid,
Who sent those reptiles distant climes t' invade!

Who rais'd the *shamrock* to unfading fame,
And stamp'd new glory on our country's name. 1315

BUT now returning o'er the rapid tide,
Where lives all nature's most enchanting pride.

What groves, what lawns here beautify each scene,
Aspiring rocks still cloath'd in ever green.

And while our boats the watry world pursue, 1320
We with amazement ev'ry wonder view.—

Our toils and troubles amply are repaid,
To find such beauties to the mind convey'd!

With what celestial sounds the soul's inspir'd,
What joys unhop'd the feeling bosom fir'd! 1325

Where

Where all's the pride of nature, not of art,
T' enchant the soul and captivate the heart.

To DINISH island bend we next our way,
Where feather'd songsters tune their Sylvan lay:

Where *Flora* spreading all her treasur'd store, 1330
With *Syria's* spicy sweets embalm the shore;—

The other isles KILLARNEY's Lake contains,
Their fragrant shades—their many-chequer'd plains;
Remain unsung,—nor can our strains adorn,
Scenes that might grace the fairest-painted morn! 1335

For greater objects call the muse along,
From fancy's gentle soul-delighting song.—

GLENAA's sweet vale, was rising to our view,
When adverse winds with sudden fury blew:

Black gloomy tempests darken all the skies, 1340
Then sudden gusts and headlong whirlwinds rise!

Dread fiery meteors, mix'd with rain began,
And o'er the vale, rock-rending thunders ran!

Now struggling here, and parting from the Lake,
We under shelving rocks our shelter take. 1345

Hence, in the vale, we happily espy'd,
A little cottage near the watry tide;

Where rosy health her ruddy throne maintains,
Where contemplation unmolested reigns;

This

This humble roof we enter'd, drench'd with rain, 1350
And there our drooping spirits rais'd again:

Plac'd far from ENVY's walk (for ENVY sure
Could never reach the cottage of the poor.)

In this warm shelter, blaz'd a chearful fire,
Surrounded by the progeny and fire; 1355

Amid the group a virgin fair was seen,
The blooming pride and honor of the green;

Her youthful face was fair—serenely sweet,
Her homely raiment flow'd adown her feet;

Her slender waist, her snowy bosom shone, 1360
More white, more polish'd than the Parian stone:

For paint's false tinge had never touch'd her lip,
Sweet was her face as HYBLA's bees could sip:

Fair was her look,—enchanting was her tongue,—
As youthful bards, and neighb'ring shepherds sung; 1365

Now on the table, are the viands plac'd,
The rosy maid adds flavour to the feast.

We soon drew near the hospitable board,
Crown'd with what hills, and vales, and lakes afford;

With quicken'd sense we joyful sat around, 1370
When social pleasures all our labours crown'd:

The cloth remov'd—and thanks return'd to heav'n,
Our gracious King and Volunteers were giv'n.

Now hunger ceas'd—the venerable man,
With gracious looks of fervour thus began; 1375

“ My fires of old with peace and plenty blest,

“ On this fond spot oft entertain'd a guest;

“ Nigh yonder mount smil'd his furrounding lands,

“ Where the wide Lake rolls o'er her silver sands,

“ There his neat mansion stood in days of yore, 1380

“ And there he liv'd unstain'd with human gore;

“ 'Till tyrant rage relentless forces pour'd,

“ And all our homes and properties devour'd!

“ Contented we remain'd in this retreat,

“ Blest with a little, in our homely seat; 1385

“ Heard spouting cat'racts from the mountains flow,

“ And heav'nly dirges of sweet-warbled woe.”

As thus he speaks, his tragic tender tale,

The Fair her grief no longer can conceal;

Down her soft cheeks the pearly torrent flows, 1390

And her breast heaves with heart-corroding woes;—

Who could behold her dewy drops to fall?

Who hear the story—and not feel for all?

Blest sympathy's electric spirit flies,

Around—we melt—with faltering voice we rise. 1395

THE rain now past—the ev'ning sun's retreat,

Warns from this blest and hospitable seat;

Now o'er the hills swift run the fable shrouds,
 And now the sun emerges from the clouds;
 The fragrant shades a fresher green display, 1400
 Now smiling—dancing—quav'ring cheer the day.

The tuneful lark, enraptur'd mounts on high,
 The sweet soft tender minstrel of the sky:

While other rising warblers homage pay
 In strains heav'n-pleasing, to the God of day; 1403

Behold the branches trembling in the woods!
 Dance to the pleasing murmurs of the floods!—

Pass onward—view we all the winding vale,
 And waters playful—wanton in the gale.

Plac'd on the cliff, we hear each echoing voice, 1410
 Of swains, who in the watry toils rejoice:

Whose days are pass'd unclouded by a care,
 Save sighs, looks, smiles, and sonnets of the fair.

See speckled fishes round the vessels glide!
 And sport, and play, and swim along the tide. 1415

While sloth's sick train in azure chambers keep,
 And on the bottom brilliant diamonds sleep!

What striking objects here attract our eyes?
 What woods, what hills, in fair confusion rise?—

Scenes above scenes umbrageous lines ascend, 1420
 And, round the rocks, their ample arms extend.

High

High o'er yon cliff beneath th' all-seeing eye,
Of him, whose rays illume the lofty sky!

The mighty monarch of the feather'd race,
His airy builds in this stupendous place. 1425

His unfledg'd young secure from danger lie,
And all the school-boys wily art defy:

Yet, should he once suspect his royal bed
(The prey of *monarch's* by wild passions led)

His soul indignant sends the spurious brood 1430
To *Turk's* vast lake, to be the fishes food.—

What will not justice, and such injur'd love?
What will not rage thus irritated prove?

BRITANNIA'S bulwark, here, its honor shews,
And, here, the ash—and there the poplar grows; 1435

Lo! here the rind bespeaks a lover's flame,
And ev'ry tree confesses OLLA's name!

Flame to FLORELLA ever known and dear,
Flame that shall live thro' many a rolling year.

See its green boughs the holly here extends! 1440
And o'er its parent craggy cliff impends!

Fancy here paints that with a lover's arms,
It twines—it circles—and enjoys its charms.

Here, other diff'rent trees dependent grow;
And woods, and hills, with answ'ring colours glow! 1445

See far superior to the rest is found;
The stately cedar with rich branches crown'd!

And, like the lofty elms majestic rise,
O'er-top the rest, and seem to meet the skies!

Here PHILOMELLA o'er her treasur'd woe, 1450
Tunes her soft notes and warms the soul to glow:

Ah! tuneful OVID, here thy bird has told,
How many a lover sunk by 'luring gold!

Sweet soft-ey'd bard, like thy own *Strada*, live,
While vary'd forms can fond remembrance give. 1455

ON GLENAA'S mount, while nature we survey,
Along the gloomy melancholy way;

Affecting sight! a shiv'ring hind we meet,
Age on his brow, his wretchedness complete:

One only cow, his comfort and his care, 1460
(Save a fond daughter beautiful and fair;)

High on a cliff that over-hung the deep
She fed; when down the horrors of the steep!

She headlong fell—the shatter'd prey of death,
And with an instant groan resign'd her breath! 1465

When thus the hind—a statue plung'd in woe,—
“ Now have my tears *too ample* cause to flow!

“ Now may my years, thus helpless and forlorn,
“ Re-sign each hope, and life's afflictions mourn.

“ Too

" Too luckless wretch! how hopeless now thy lot! 1470

" How lost thy daughter, and how poor thy cot!—

" No more shall *Cherry* lowe before thy door!

" No more her milk shall chear the thirsty poor:

" My *EMMA*'s hand shall drain her paps no more,

" Or the full milk-pail's creamy treasures pour! 1475

" Her only portion, *Cherry*, was thy life,

" Her sole pretension to become a wife.—

" Virtue, 'tis true, she adds to youthful charms!

" But will her virtue gain an husband's arms!"—

He said, and fell half lifeless on the glade, 1480

By too sad fortune miserable made.

His hoary locks, that swept his aged breast;

His tears, his looks, his depth of woe express'd.

Our pitying soul, now melting at his grief,

Gave him compassion—could not give relief. 1485

Oh! soft humanity, had fortune's hand

Of wealth's *fleet* blessings giv'n thee full command,

To aid such sorrows, what rich joys were known,

Not half so blest the *monarch* on his throne,

As fond compassion, glowing at this breast, 1490

Then with the pow'rs to see such woes redress'd.—

But, sad reverse! by persecuting time,

Our only boon were tears and useless rhyme.

What

What fortune left, with cordial warmth we gave
The aged suff'rer from his grief to save.— 1495

BUT hark!—the jovial huntsman sweeps the plains!
Fills ev'ry space with his loud echoing strains.

The melting sound on ev'ry mountain floats,
And hills, and vales, reverberate the notes:

Rous'd from his lair—see, up the mountain side! 1500
The fleet young deer displays his ample pride:

Proud of his speed—exulting now he mocks,
Branch-rending coverts, and opposing rocks.

See him in view!—and see the deep-tongu'd race!
Wind at his heels! and beautify the chace! 1505

Now deeper notes swift fly on echo's wing,
The mountains roar and all the vallies ring.

See, o'er projecting rocks, he bounding goes!
To fly his fate, tho' victim of his foes:

Now dauntless stands, regardless of their cries, 1510
While each pursuing danger he defies.

The well-staunch'd hounds the rocky cliffs ascend,
And their shrill notes with notes responsive blend.

See down he strays o'er his long-haunted course!
Now down the valley with invigour'd force! 1515

Now timid, yet unconquer'd—now he strays,
Thro' woods, thro' wilds, ten thousand diff'rent ways:

The

The sanguinary pack, thro' coverts fly,
Again the hills reverberate the cry;—

View his descent!—thro' tangled thickets torn! 1520
And branches sink beneath his rising horn!

The hounds now nigh: he trembles at his fate,
Where now th' asylum?—or the safe retreat?—

Ah! where the boast!—where once the wood he sway'd!
Prince of the field, and monarch of the shade!— 1525

He pants—he sighs—th' impatient band he feels,
The gath'ring tumult opening at his heels.

Alas! pursu'd, his hapless fate is nigh,
Alas! no more the fugitive can fly:

No more alas! he holds the gen'rous race, 1530
He tugs for life—yet falling in the chace;

Proves the sad lesson, that however brave,
Pride, strength and beauty meet an early grave.—

O'erwhelm'd with terror, and with dread dismay,
Th' affrighted warrior trembling stands at bay: 1535

With fainting toil, supports th' unequal strife,
And fights, in vain, for liberty and life.—

So did young WOLFE once bravely fight his foes,
Pride of his prince—his country's long-wept woes;

Alas! how mourn'd, and oh! how brave he fell! 1540
Let many a muse and LITTLETON long tell:

Ev'n

Ev'n the fam'd THEBAN * not more bravely dy'd,
Tho' long his legions and his country's pride.—

His efforts vain determined to forsake
His native woods, he plunges in the Lake: 1545

With madden'd fury ev'ry surge he braves,
And with his ample breast divides the waves;

Th' exulting hunters to their boats repair,
An hostile navy chase him in the reer:

He floats—he speeds—to gain the distant caves, 1550
And wildly struggling flashes up the waves.

Now lab'ring strives, protecting isles to gain,
Yet—yet—alas! his efforts are in vain!

See him now near un pitying clamours rise!
The hapless prey with instant terror dies. 1555

He groans, and now encompass'd by his foes,
He feels the stroke of bosom-rending woes:

Victim he falls—yet not inglorious dies,
While shouts of triumph rend the vaulted skies!

Thus a bold chief, tho' long renown'd in war, 1560
Sinks too oppress'd beneath too many a fear;

Thro' his cleft front the sparks of life are fled!
What savage triumph to behold him dead.

Th' insulting oars still beat th' emerging corse,
What will not conquest urge with barb'rous force, 1565

* EPIMANONDAS.

Who

Who many a day, roam'd Monarch of the wood,
Adorn'd the vale, and beautify'd the flood!

His fate lamented, still the *Naiads* tell,
And many a bard that long-fam'd tale shall swell.

Again the hills their plaintive murmurs blend! 1570
Again loud echo wails his mournful end.

See! now their long-stretch'd victim in a barge!
The boatman's wretched and ill-fated charge!

Thus low behold him! ARBUTUS,—o'erlaid,
Once the rich pride, and beauty of the shade! 1575

Once their lov'd Lord: ah! view his beauties torn,
That once could groves and silent scenes adorn:

O! cruel man—why cruelly severe!—
Were it not nobler pleasure's prey to spare!

Far better left to range his native wood, 1580
The mountains wild, and brave the rapid flood:

Still let him with his wild companions stray,—
He might again the gen'rous deed repay.

Tir'd of these sports we pass to yonder shades,
Where foaming flow O'SULLIVAN's cascades! 1585

Where rifted rocks roll'd by th' encreasing floods,
And massy fragments, seem to rend the woods.

ONWARD we trace the verges of the flood,
And view where once the chieftain's mansion flood;

Where peace and plenty still their blessings pour, 1590
Where justice, honor sway along the shore:

What servants waited at his pompous gate?
What tables groan'd with massy piles of plate?

Here grows the holly—there the stately oak,
Tho' tempest-beaten, yet by time unbroke. 1595

See, there, the hazel—here, the laurel grows,
And, there, *Pomona* all her beauty shews.

Far other scenes attempt we to explore,
But lo! the Lake extends her sway no more.

Full twice seven miles she murmurs thro' the plains, 1600
Where peace and love, and harmony still reigns:

Thro' many a lawn she cuts her liquid way,
And rolls her watry tribute to the sea.—

Now on the stream behold the floating line,
And flies fictitious on the surface shine. 1605

The finny race now view the golden bait,
But ah! what dangers life's allurements wait!

What tempting ills seduce us ev'ry hour;
The slaves of passion and temptation's pow'r!

The mottled trout beholds the gaudy fly, 1610
Alas! too soon ordain'd by man to die!

He quickly rises—seizes the fell bait,
And finds too soon, the treachery, tho' late.

In vain, he flutters to maintain his life,
 Whilst youth delighted, ply the wily strife. 1615

Now to extend the line—and now restrain,
 His efforts struggling with reluctant pain:

The speckled prey a captive now is held,
 Like the wing'd victim of the furrow'd field!

Ah! lordly man, let luxury not give, 1620
 Unwanted fate—let innocence but live.—

Ah! why for pleasure that destroying hand?
 Why—why—ambition, thy relentless band?

When mercy's tear flow trickling from the eye,
 More lustre beams than *India* can supply. 1625

Spare the weak struggler nor *Domitian* like
 For wanton sport the flutt'ring captive strike.

See DUNLOE's castle rising from the tide,
 Hemm'd in by lawns and groves, on ev'ry side:

Around whose seat what silver currents flow! 1630
 What flow'rs, what fruits, what shades promiscuous
 grow!

O'MAH'NEY, who of ev'ry worth possess'd,
 Lives here retir'd, and in retirement blest.

Not far remov'd see FAHA's flow'ry plain!
 Where peace and plenty hold their happy reign: 1635

Where thou O'FALVEY, patron to each muse,
 Ne'er didst—nor couldst—thy gen'rous aid refuse!

Happy the man, who scorning pomp and state,
Can live belov'd upon his own estate:

Can live like him the peasant's patriot friend, 1640
And rise with fortune at the season's end.

What lawns, what vistas bless this happy place,
In ev'ry blessing may it still encrease!

Here whilst enjoying ev'ry blissful scene,
The baleful dæmons of enchanted * REEN; 1645

As if by frantic jealousies inspir'd,
Unwilling their lov'd Lake should be admir'd:

Wish'd all the beauties of the streams unsung!
They wish'd the poet's lyre were still unstrung.

Fir'd with the future prospects of his breast, 1650
With raging fevers was his frame oppress'd;

But good O'FALVEY wail'd the hapless bard,
And bade his worthy spouse the youth regard!

A spouse, whose goodness vies with him alone,
The mistress of her country—and her own. 1655

Her tutelary *Sylphs* soon heard her pray'r,
And made the lyric youth their anxious care;

On speedful wing unanimous they flew,
A train well known to fam'd O'DONOGHUE.

Nine times they hover'd round, and round the Lake, 1660

Nine times the circuit of proud *Turk* they take;

* A legendary tale here is prevalent, that the spot is malignly enchanted; which principally took its rise from the sudden suffocation of three young Ladies.

At length the hoary father of the flood,
On the smooth surface of the water stood!

Divinely great he stood, or seem'd to stand,
An azure sceptre grac'd his God-like hand: 1665

He said " my friends, dispell your heart-felt fears,
" Go bid O'FALVEY stop the poet's tears!

" The GALWAY bard (his guest) shall rise again,
" Again shall ply the soft harmonious strain;

" And tho' the dæmons of enchanted REEN, 1670
" Shou'd burst with venom or insidious spleen.

" The fiery rage and transport of his soul,
" Shall celebrate my Lake from pole to pole."

Thus said, his azure chambers he descends!
Health and the poet soon are faithful friends. 1675

O'FALVEY saw; the hospitable man,
With smiles of gen'rous pleasure thus began;

" Fond suff'ring youth, already hast thou past,
" Each stage of pain!—thank heav'n, and this the last.

" Go, tune thy lyre, here treasure up thy health; 1680
" And prize its blessings, ever beyond wealth.

" Give thy KILLARNEY all thy well-meant fame,
" And with KILLARNEY raise an honest name.

" Own KERRY's sons a fond and friendly race,
" And fix fame's seal on this delightful place." 1685

BEHOLD

BEHOLD the land now rising from the flood,
And view where once a stately city stood!

Here tow'ring castles once the hill adorn'd,
And sacred churches *buried now and scorn'd*;

See the fam'd church-yard where lies many a dead! 1690
The long-wept patriot, from his country fled:

To heav'n's high regions where the good are seen,
And where the just have long unclouded been.

What solemn scenes! for friendship ever lost!
For hopes now blasted, and for loves long crost! 1695

What plaintive notes: how melancholy—slow,
Rais'd their fond sorrows swelling ev'ry woe!

O! rise description, here attune thy lays,
And deal around thy censure and thy praise:

Mark where fall'n virtue withers on life's tree! 1700
Where rots vain pomp—where rests the patriot, see!

Of polish'd manners note the lamp-worn sage,
Whose happy lore enrich'd the classic page.

View the fam'd bard, as *Hybla's* honey sweet;
E'en in the grave the muses honors meet. 1705

Tread soft, each foot, no insult reach that tongue,
That oft so charm'd, and long so sweetly sung:

Tho' silent now, yet sacred still to fame,
Ne'er fading bloom shall mark his much-lov'd name;

E'en

E'en I, whose strains can boast no heav'n taught-rage,
Low in the dust my future strains engage. 1710

Life's air-drawn hopes, how transient and how vain,
Virtue's the boast that only can remain;

Then, why should perishable man regard
Its flitting joys, but aim at worth's reward.— 1715

See, here, the good, and there the miser see,
Here, tyrants rest (if rest for such can be,)

There in one dull promiscuous ruin lie,
The old—the young—the beautiful—the fly.

That rosy maid whom none unmov'd could view, 1720
Sleeps here alas! and lost her orient hue!

No more, her eyes shall beam benignant grace,
No more, shall virtue blossom in her face.

Wept see fair virtue—vice still scorn'd behold,
And own old *Gripe* for ever damn'd by gold. 1725

Part we these scenes! such scenes can never please,
Lament the just, and hope for better days:

Turn we where warm devotion takes the heart,
And cloister'd learning can its aid impart.—

Rich happier place! where virtue's train appear, 1730
Ascend to bliss, and still adorn the year.

There, pious *Vigils*, fervent mattins glow,
There, pants the breast, its *maker's* praise to shew.

Blush!

Blush!—blush!—ambition, while religion calls
From the deep silence of these holy walls; 1735

She calls to rouse thee from thy fatal gloom,
And place fair virtue in oppression's room,

To teach that grandeur, pomp and lordly pow'r,
Feel the world's vanity and death's dread hour.

Such thoughts apart—to busier scenes we pass, 1740
To shew the tyrant in description's glass.

Now when the cruel unrelenting *Danes*,
With tyrant stride trod o'er IERNE's plains;

When her fam'd rising cities they annoy'd,
Her towns demolish'd, and her tow'rs destroy'd! 1745

Fam'd ACHADOE their pow'rs had long withstood,
'Till her streets floated with *Milesian* blood:

'Till savage war effac'd their wealth and pride,
And ev'ry hero bravely fought and dy'd.—

Fell war!—that mow'd each chief whom fame pursu'd' 1750
And all *Norwegia's* sons in *Irish* blood imbru'd.

Lo! “as the sun emerging from a cloud,”
Rush'd war-fam'd BOROU on th' embattled crow'd!

Th' ensanguin'd plain confess'd his mighty hand;
And streams of gore awaited his command! 1755

Now ranks, on ranks, o'er heaps of slaughter'd fell!
TURGESIUS' heroes issu'd many a yell!—

What

KILLARNEY.

75

What direful fate o'er *Denmark's* chief impends!

He lost the day, his brother, sons, and friends!

How rag'd that fray?—*Clontarf* thy Shades can tell! 1760

What God-like heroes in that battle fell!

O! long-lov'd, lost—*fam'd BRYAN* let me here,

One moment drop the tributary tear!

Who steel'd to danger, clad in bright array,

By treach'ry fell—yet won the glorious day! 1765

Thy fall shall oft the muses' page adorn,

And future bards in patriot strains shall mourn!—

They lost alas!—their hero, and their sage!

Form'd Ireland's wars victoriously to wage!—

Thy much-lov'd name shall bloom in ev'ry breast, 1770

And pitying angels sing thy soul to rest!

While *MORROUGH* in the fairest annals live,

Derive from time new fame, and *Clontarf's* honor's give!

SEE in yon vale a castle once was seen,

Now the wide ruins press the desert green! 1775

See nought is found but flow'ry meadows spread,

Where the vast pile once rear'd its rev'rend head!

How oft O muse! did yonder verdant plain,

Smoak with the blood of kings and heroes slain.

Now *MURPHY's* gorgeous dome commands our view,

The flow'ry lawns and meadows of *Bellview*! 1780

From scenes like these, oh! never let me stray,
But feast by night and wander all the day.

Hear the fond black-bird hail the early dawn,
And with her music harmonize the lawn, 1785

As if intent to rouse or entertain,
The lab'ring plow-man or the love-sick swain;

Sweet tuneful bird, thy notes congenial flow
With local, plaintive, melancholy woe.

Now cross we DINA, now the polish'd street, 1790
What princely mansions our fix'd raptures meet!

Such are their heights—and such their grandeur shewn,
As eastern despots might be proud to own.

What structures highly rising in a breast!
See one appears much fairer than the rest! 1795

Where white-rob'd PIETY still learns to scan
The ways of heav'n—philosophy—and man;

Where gentle TEAHAN * forms the scorn of pelf,
And moves a living volume in himself.—

BLEST happy vale! may loftier bards long tell 1800
Thy Temple-fields—and all thy praises swell;

May thy mines rival rich *Golconda's* store,
And diamonds ever glitter on thy shore.

* Bishop of KERRY.

Long in thy shades, may shepherds pipe their lays,
Adorn thy lawns, and consecrate thy praise. 1805

May *fleet* strong barges ever grace thy flood,
And bounding deer long ornament thy wood.—

Thro' pleasure's scene—from care we still retire,
And taste alternate ev'ry chaste desire;

Feel the soft balm of friendship's lenient hand, 1810
And still the hospitable board command.

WHAT other tract, *Hibernia* in thy scope,
Can vie with this to raise the poet's hope?

Say, where does *FLORA* richer flow'rs bestow?
Or where more sweetly can *POMONA* blow? 1815

Where does loud winter prove more gentle rage?
Where can his tempests easier conflicts wage?

Tell, where so sweet, so beautifully wild,
Care and fell sorrow, see their woes beguil'd?

Ah! much-lov'd, dear, and long enchanted spot, 1820
To walk thy lawns be still my happy lot!

With Nature's pencil thy fair scenes to draw,
And hold each *CURL* and *LINTOT* still in awe.

FAREWELL lov'd fields! a long and last adieu!
Farewell each valley! each delighting view! 1825

Sweet

Sweet scenes adieu!—oh! take your Bard's farewell,
A Bard who wishes all your scenes to tell:

Thine are the blessings continents can't boast,
Thou fairest FLOW'R of *Ireland's* happy coast.—

SUCH are the scenes, and such the joys we've known,
And such the patron who from bounty's throne; 1830

Gives fortune lustre, and seems hap'ly born,
Like TITUS, birth and station to adorn,

To humble pride, pour virtue on the mind,
Instruct—correct—and harmonize mankind.— 1835

Ah! ye whom false illusive joys attract,
Abroad to squander, and, at home, contract,

Unwieldly debts, in pleasure's lap to spend,
While the sunk tenant's bleeding heart you rend;

Blush—blush—and mend—this bright example view,
Correct proud folly, and KENMARE pursue.— 1841

MISCELLANEOUS

O'KELLY'S

POETICAL

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANEOUS O'KELL'S



HALL
 WHICH GIVES UNIFORM STANDARDS TO THE WHOLE
 AND THIS WORKS IN THE
 VIEW EVERY HEART
 SEE EVERY MIND WITH LIGHT FOR THE GROWING
 AND IN CONSTRUCTION THEIR LOSTLY PRIDE
 AND DECK AND GRACE THE RIGGED MOUNTAINSIDE
 ALL MINDS HOW PLEASANT TO THE INGENIOUS MIND
 SCRAP IN THOUGHTS SUCH BEAUTY LEARN TO FIND

MISCELLANIES.

CURROUGHMORE. A Poem.

HAIL lovely spot! where lib'ral *Nature's* hand,
Pours her best blessings to enrich the land;
Where noble WATERFORD of princely mind,
Pants for the happiness of human kind:
Enchanting scenes! within your rosy bow'rs,
How fleetly pass the nimble-footed hours!
How beautiful thy hanging woods appear,
How gay thy *Parterres*!—to the muses dear!—
Which gives uncommon grandeur to the whole,
And rises wonders in th' enraptur'd soul.
View ev'ry beauty, ev'ry scene around,
See ev'ry mount with ample forests crown'd;
And in confusion shew their lordly pride,
And deck and grace the rugged mountain's side.
Ah! muse, how pleasing to th' ingenious mind,
Enrapt in thought such heav'nly scenes to find.

Or

Or down thy blest enchanting vale to rove,
 To dwell on contemplation, or on love!—
 Such spacious lawns, such woods, and echoing hills,
 Such verdant meadows, and such purling rills,
 Such balmy groves, such lofty domes to sing
 Wou'd call a POPE, on *fancy's* eager wing.
 How in his lines would all your glories rise!
 How shine your landscapes to enraptur'd eyes!—
 His glowing strains, to distant world's would give
 Description's charms, and bid your charms to live.
 How had his muse within your blissful shades,
 Delighted sung your elegant cascades!
 Your happy Lord his fav'rite theme had shone,
 And ev'ry clime your vary'd sweets had known—
 Rise faithful muse!—a bolder flight essay
 IERNE's pride in CURRAGHMORE display!
 How vain the hope! as soon might fancy tell!
 What countless drops the breast of ocean swell!
 As sing the beauties of this blest retreat,
 Where regal splendour long has fix'd her seat.
 Lift how fond echo catching ev'ry sound!
 From hill and dale bids music's sweets go round!
 While ev'ry tongue and ev'ry youthful muse,
 Illustrious WATERFORD thy virtues chuse.—
 To grace each song inspirit ev'ry line,
 And prove thee, patron of the tuneful Nine.
 Hail happy race! the pride of ev'ry heart,
 While millions one just feeling can impart.
 Hail gen'rous name so long so justly lov'd,
 Friends of thy weal as each has nobly prov'd!

To virtue steady, sage and firmly just,
True to thy prince, and faithful to each trust;
The blood of BERESFORD for ages ran,
Pure as heav'n's-dew the dignity of man!—
Long may the name its gen'rous sway extend,
Protect the laws, and humble worth befriend,
See wealth and commerce wafted from each shore,
And bloom in fame till time shall be no more!
Sweet scented shades breathe cordial on my breast,
And let the muse your breathing balm attest:
Not ev'n your bow'rs alone afford delight,
Your princely palaces enchant the sight.
Your stucco finishings, so richly fair!—
Your grottoes fam'd to cancel ev'ry care!
From parent skill shall many an age attest,
How honor'd POER in fancy's reign was blest!—
POER, whose fair hand thy scenes so vary'd drew!
And touch'd thy walls so blissful to the view!
While time and ornament one effort shew,
Her name—her virtues faithfully shall glow!
The muse delighted at the task shall soar,
And stamp each year new fame on CURRAGHMORE.

CASTLECOOTE. Co. ROSCOMMON.

SWEET CASTLECOOTE!—thou fairest on the plain!
The muses' haunt, and pride of ev'ry swain!
Where genial worth still hospitably bright,
Displays its boundless—its transcendent light.

Long thro' thy groves, so spicy and so fair,
 Tread thy lov'd MASTER and a gen'rous HEIR;
 Long hold thy MISTRESS out her snowy hand,
 To form thy grottoes and to deck the land:
 To give new spirit to each fair design,
 What art, bright CAULFIELD, can succeed like thine!
 So rang'd each pebble, ev'ry concave shell,
 So simply-beauteous ev'ry mossy cell,
 That the proud Sage of ITHACA might there,
 Wooe fond CALYPSO, nor with careless air
 Depart;—while love and beauty shed a tear,
 And he had roam'd for many a circling year.—
 How, gen'rous fair, how lovely is the spot,
 Where thy rich mind design'd the happy grot?
 Its forms how various! symmetry how true?
 What just proportion and what glassy hue?
 While each transcending charm they owe to you!
 Ah! could the poet equal half that art
 That harmonizes CAULFIELD's gentle heart;
 Then, like her landscap'd VILLA, should her muse
 With equal happiness and joy diffuse
 Description's soul;—nor yielded to the Bard,
 Who pays his country ev'ry just regard:
 KELLY, * the minstrel sent by heav'n to shew,
 What minds etherially inspir'd can know,
 He, whose soft numbers, sweet as *May-morn* spheres,
 Impres'd with music, lull to rest our cares.—
 Go, happier thou, bid genius eye the land,
 And see Creation sprung at thy command;

* The Author of the *Battle of the CHAUNTERS*.

Give culture drefs,—confer on beauteous fame,
And make each work—as faultlefs as thy frame.—
Sweet VILLA hail!—like young creation's view,
Accept the strains to cultivation due
Charms fuch as thine, where peace and plenty flow,
May well inspire a poet's happy glow:
Thy tall young trees, like Appennines are found,
Where lives each fweet and moves each wood-land
found!
Thy fpredding beech, and pop'lars here impart,
Health's balmy cordial to the drooping heart!
Thy age-crown'd yews, fo venerably old!
Thy dome, thy foreft princely pomp unfold.
High-tow'ring o'er the variegated fcene,
It forms a palace for BRITANNIA'S Queen!
Thy mournful willows, worn by hopelefs love,
And fcenes that can here ev'ry rapture prove:
Thy failing fwans with oary feet are feen,
To grace thy waters, while along thy green.
The sportive younglings lick BELLINDA'S hand!
And limpid fountains wafh the filver fand:—
Such and un-number'd are thy charms fond spot!
At once thy Lord's and happy tenant's lot.—
Here virgin BEAUTY holds her fov'reign fway,
While thoufand *Cupids* thro' the grottos play,
Where princely CAULFIELD fhines with *Scipio's* fame,
And to more virtue holds his modeft claim:
Thrice happy fpot where blooming as young *May*,
HYMEN late pour'd his joy-inspiring ray:

While the cool grotto rung with just applause,
 And heav'n approving dignify'd the cause!—
 While blushing sweets and yet unconscious charms,
 Gave blifs and joy to gen'rous CAULFIELD'S * arms.
 Rejoice, DUNAMON—happy, blest retreat!
 Thine is the beauteous, and the good and great!
 Thine is the MISTRESS whose indulgent hand
 Shall pour un-number'd blessings round the land!
 And thine the LORD whose cultivated mind
 Shall see no trace of sorrow left behind.
 Thy woods, thy lawns, so long the seats of fame!
 Thy silver Suck, [] the muse's fervour claim!
 Yes, flow'ry spot, be ev'ry blessing thine,
 Thy praise, in faithful numbers still be mine!—
 From CASTLECOOTE in part, thy raptures sprung,
 Whose countless beauties half remain unsung.
 Go, muse, survey IERNE'S ev'ry shore,
 Each sweet recess and far-fam'd orb explore,
 Where shall a rev'rend CAULFIELD'S match be shewn,
 Who knows mankind's first merits—but his own?
 Where shall such gifts at once adorn the wife,
 To soften care and sweeten passing life?
 Where canst thou find a genial board so free,
 So ever open to the world and—— me?—
 Where shalt thou find the rosy finger'd Maids,
 So touch the lyre?—or harmonize the shades?—
 As the young LILLIES pride of CASTLECOOTE,
 Who ev'ry taste and polish'd genius suit

* JAMES CAULFIELD, Esquire.

[] A River so called.

A MOTHER's pure refinement having caught,
 Fair without art, and mild without a fault;
 The spreading lawn displays the pict'ring skill,
 While the swift needle, forming at their will,
 Creates those beauties catching ev'ry eye!
 Where woods and groves in bright disorder lie!
 While the fond pencil Nature's pride pourtrays,
 And all the canvass rich design conveys!—
 Lov'd happy *Maids*, 'tis your's to win the heart,
 Form'd by a MOTHER's all-persuasive art.
 Long learn from her affliction's balm to pour,
 And treasure hourly *blessings for the poor!*
 While like his *Sire*, a BROTHER's virtues grow,
 And on fond thousands life's best joys bestow.

MOAT. A POEM.

WHAT charming Tempe here attracts my view,
 So passing fair—so elegantly new?
 Where contemplation waves the classic shade,
 And art and nature richly stand display'd!
 Is it a monarch's lov'd and happy seat?
 Is it the muses silent, sweet retreat?
 No! 'tis fam'd MOAT, fond theme of many a tongue,
 By genius cultur'd, and by genius sung.
 Blest fav'rite VILLA harmoniz'd by love,
 Where sweets on sweets distill from ev'ry grove!
 Where time-grown oaks long venerable known,
 The pride of years by *bards* and *druids* shewn;

Where

Where elms for age seem sprung from NoAH's flood,
 With size unequal'd, dignify the wood!
 Tow'r to the skies as if with rival pride;
 And stretch their arms—as if to skies ally'd!—
 How wide!—how flow'ry!—ev'ry velvet lawn!
 Where dwells each bloom by Nature's pencil drawn.
 Thrice happy spot!—how rich thy fair demesne!—
 Long live thy fountain of bright freedom's fane.—
 Thy gates—thy structures—seat of many a steed!
 Thy gay *Parterre*—to bloom in song decreed!—
 Thy genial shades—thy woodland music's glow,
 Shall teach the muse's happiest strains to flow!
 Yon sacred *mount*, where thy three *Edwards* lie,
 Shall time's fell hand and ranc'rous spleen defy,
Edwards that e'er threw open ev'ry door,
 To welcome friendship, and to chear the poor:
Edwards who shone the terrors of their foes,
 And sooth'd, RosCOMMON, all thy suff'ring woes.
 All-hallow'd MOUNT, lie gently still thy dust,
 Nor one proud footstep e'er insult the just:
 Sacred to fame be ev'ry *Edward's* urn,
 And thou partake their praises in thy turn.
 For sure e'en *Pindus* with thy fame can't vie,
 Who boast those chiefs whose deeds shall never die.
 While thy fourth present *Edward* shall engage,
 And boast the bloom of many a future age;
 His shines the virtue of each patriot heart,
 His is the sun-shine of no servile art!
 He lives—shall live—unpension'd to life's end,
 His country's advocate—her shield and friend;

No

No aristocracy's *Police-form'd* band,
 Shall o'er RosCOMMON raise a tyrant's hand;
 No hireling despot shall that tract assail!—
 Sir *Edward's* person singly shall prevail.
 Bold—and unyielding—to no venal crew,
 Let brooding malice but his conduct view;
 Then jaundic'd envy, with confusion own,
 That gen'rous CROFTON fix'd on honor's throne,
 Shall see his MOAT, truth's hospitable feat,
 The happy mansion of the good and great:
 Who like each fire shall be his country's guide,
 RosCOMMON's fav'rite and IERNE's pride.

On the beauties of BELLINE, near
 CARRICK-ON-SUIR. A POEM.

COME ev'ry druid—fancy's pencil, draw
 What fairy scenes the painter's art might awe!
 Come, inspiration, from thy classic seat,
 Describe BELLINE, so tranquil and so great;
 Where fix'd the Nine, and learned WALSH bestow,
 All the soft blessings that from genius flow:
 Each kinder boon that gen'rous friendship knows,
 Or in the page of bold description flows!
 Come, all the poets well-selected skill,
 Paint those blest scenes surpassing *Cooper's-hill*!
 POMONA's sweets with FLORA here combine,
 Where ripe VERTUMNUS rears the clust'ring vine,
 Where

Where sterling wit unborrow'd all his own
 From Nature's fount by social WALSH is shewn!
 How fair thy structures o'er a marshy waste!—
 So *Russia's* CZAR, impell'd by patriot taste,
 Rais'd o'er the watry, solitary wild,
 These gorgeous domes that Europe's chiefs beguil'd;
 Thy ceaseless care, thy desert-mending hand,
 Shew'd, like great PETER, soon a blooming land!
 Pour'd round thy lawns whate'er the waves cou'd roll,
 And prov'd the rich, high genius of his soul.—
 While, as on CYDNUS once, thy swans bestow'd,
 Whate'er of beauty on the waves had glow'd:
 With tow'ring necks they beautify thy floods,
 And sweetest warblers harmonize thy woods.
 Dear happy shade, a fond, a lov'd adieu!
 Thine are heav'n's blessings—mine each lovely view.
 From thy lov'd heights the muse would here survey
 Those scenes where flourishes eternal day.
 To CASTLETOWN directs her eager eye,
 Where springs each joy and ceases ev'ry sigh!
 What rosy prospects strike on ev'ry side,
 Thy lawns how rapt'rous!—how august thy pride!—
 Behold the tow'ring dome—where COX thy hand
 Hath ris'n majestic o'er a thriving land,
 Whose ample front emits refulgent rays,
 And on the sun sends forward blaze for blaze!
 Nor such alone thy blessings!—happy spot,
 Domestic calm—peculiarly thy lot!—
 Wings thy fleet hours,—invites each joy of heav'n,
 And fees each peace, as if by angels giv'n!—

Thy

Thy tow'ring woods, for ever clad in green,
Thy rich *Parterre*, so elegantly seen,
Where Nature's eye with transport can behold
Creation's *warblers*, ting'd with varying gold;
And pleas'd the soul—from novel life departs,
And tastes more richly—cultivation's arts;
Thy virtuous mistress—and her rosy brood;
Thy rising heir—so hospitably good,
A gen'rous youth—the burthen of each song,
And his lov'd Sisters—grace of many a tongue.
Hail lovely maids—by ev'ry muse caress'd!
With learning, wit and blooming beauty, blest.
See! fair proportion dignify each grace,
And conscious merit beautify each face;
While these shall life and fame and spirit give,
The muse shall see their charms and virtues live.
But ah! how sorrow will on joys intrude!
Grief, how coercive!—sorrowfully rude!—
The hand that cultur'd these enchanting groves,
(Where, led by genius, virtue safely roves,)
Now blasted lies—shall aid the poor no more,
Or pour its social blessings round its shore!
No more affliction's drooping frame shall cheer,
Or wing with joy each still revolving year!—
Yet time (that faithful chronicle) shall tell
How lov'd, lamented, and rever'd he fell!
Farewell blest VILL, where art and genius bloom,
And where the muses meet a silent home.
Long may thy Sons and Daughters hold their reign,
To grace thy woods, and deck thy happy plain!

'Till hoary TIME shall wing his flight no more,
And all enjoy ETERNITY's fair shore!—

LIENFIELD. A POEM.

The following Lines advert to the uncommon care and spirit of that patriotic character, of M. M. APJOHN, of the County of *Limerick*, Esq; whose Father (yet living) enjoys the rare *satisfaction* of beholding the young trees of his own hand's plantation, now, grown into magnitude; while the Son studiously emulates the Father's ardour, and, yearly, enriches the filvan collection, by introducing the most refined cultivation, with care and judgment.

O! APJOHN, had ev'ry Landlord, like thee,
Not only long spar'd, but oft planted the tree!
Not like our fam'd *Rack-rents*, each hand had well
aided,
Creation's fair culture, and bare fields impeded!
Thy *Father*, like ABRAHAM, views his own race,
To beautify nature, stamp fame on his place;
Can say, (what no other can say) that he views
The springs of his care grown to tall spreading yews;
To proud fair rich elms, and to all that can smile,
To add to that fav'rite spot of our isle!
Thank heav'n, not degen'rate his spirited Son!—
Thy life, virtue-urg'd, seems congenial to run!
O'er *Juniper's* mount what a view dost thou form?
How grand are thy prospects—how simple each charm?
Thy country's fine genius appears at thy hand,
And Nature, in thee, still enriches the land.

On THOMASTOWN, near ATHLONE, the Seat of
THOMAS NAUGHTEN, Esq; *Counsellor at Law.*

WITH diff'rent passions diff'rent men are born,
Some for the field, and some the bar t' adorn;
Some for the muse, and cultivation's dress,
And others form'd each human scene to bless:
While in retirement's happy silent shade,
They see each charm of polish'd life display'd!—
Thus classic NAUGHTEN, thou firm friend of man;
Thus works thy genius, on fair nature's plan.
Thy rural beauties prove thy grand designs,
Thy groves, thy walks, thy vistas lofty pines;
Thy spreading oaks, thy poplar branches give
Whate'er can bid thy chos'n spot to live.
Thrice happy were *Apollo's* tuneful train,
Had glowing bounty but inspir'd the strain;
Such as thy soul dispenses ever round
To cheer the bard and fertilize his ground;
Within thy breast the Sister Nine reside,
From thy lov'd tongue outflows AONIA's pride.
Thy heart, thy hand, inspir'd by ev'ry muse,
Live but each love, and bounty to diffuse.—
Ah! blest in learning as in private life!
Blest in the virtues of a beauteous WIFE.
Blest in a DAUGHTER, whose transcendent mien
To win the Stoic, needs but to be seen.
O! ever happy in thy blooming race!
Their country's hope, endu'd with *Nature's* grace,

While TIME's fair current rolls its rapid tide,
 Be each heav'n-guarded, and to heav'n ally'd!
 On THOMASTOWN be ev'ry blessing shed,
 And fame and joy, and honor crown thy bed.

—
 An ELEGY on the Death of PETER WALSH, Esq;
 of CARRICK-ON-SUIR, chief Surgeon of the first
 Battalion in *Jamaica* during the *American* war.

I.

W HATE'ER was good or excellent in man,
 Whate'er could dignify the social breast;
 With WALSH departed life's contracted span,
 And in death's weeping vault now lies at rest!—

II.

Fall'n is the friend that felt for human kind,
 Eclips'd the sun of genius sinks obscure;
 In youth's fair bloom each virtue of the mind,
 Soars to its God, of endless bliss secure.

III.

See classic ELEGANCE her rays withdraw!
 The patriot ardour shall illumine no more!
 The healing hand of WALSH that vice could awe,
 Lifeless and dead! have thousands to deplore!—

IV.

Beneath the burning Zone, BRITANNIA's pow'r,
 In stern BELLONA's field confess'd his aid;
 The drooping soldier in fell danger's hour,
 To strength he rais'd, and animated made.

V.

His skill—his care—his active zeal—his love,
 His brave battalion gratefully shall tell,
 While mem'rys seat shall one fond vestage prove,
 Or FAME'S loud trump JAMAICA'S wars shall swell.

 AN ELEGY

On Mr. MICHAEL KELLY of Mallow-lane, Cork.

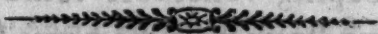
LAMENTED KELLY! once the *musè's* friend,
 Whose worth each *musè* in candour must commend;
 Ah! fall'n too soon, your virtues must I tell?
 How lov'd in life, and how bemoan'd you fell?
 The widow's tears pursu'd you to the grave,
 And their fond sighs unshelter'd orphans gave.
 Friendship's full stream bedew'd your mournful hearse,
 The sadd'ning theme of many a yearly verse!
 Had flinty hearts the slow procession seen,
 How had pale sorrow dwelt on ev'ry mien!—
 Your widow'd wife of ev'ry worth possess'd,
 Your blooming race in truth's affections blest;
 Your weeping Brother sunk in speechless woe,
 All—all—like statues wash'd by new-fall'n snow!
 Then had soft pity spoke from ev'ry eye,
 And mark'd the fast-flown tear and heaving sigh.
 Lamented shade! in peace eternal shine,
 Tho' many a heart-flown sorrow must be mine.
 Your life, a picture of each virtue drew,
 Heav'n saw, and call'd thee—and the angel flew.

On

An EPI T A P H,

On JOHN DILLON of KILLURE, Esq; and his amiable
 Consort, both interred in one Vault, according to
 their respective orders, determined as they lived
 undivided in life, not to be separated by death.

HERE sleep the wife, the much lamented pair,
 Beneath this weeping monumental stone;
 Who never knew one moment's self-brought care,
 Or thought on wealth but study'd God alone!
 Faithful they liv'd—and honest fame they knew,
 The poor they aided and the wrong'd redress'd;
 Their paths were virtue—and bright heav'n their view,
 They flew to kindred angels—and are blest.—



On EDMUND KELLY, Esq; County GALWAY.

WHAT peals of sorrow rend the echoing air?
 What corse is that that weeping thousands bear?
 'Tis social KELLY—hast'ning to the dust,
 How wept—how honor'd—fell the good and just!
 The friend of man, his ample soul was giv'n
 To friendship truth, to virtue and to heav'n.
 His worth on all with noon-tide radiance shone,
 And prov'd mankind's defender—but its own.

On

On the lamented death of Mr. HOLMES HOURIGAN,
of *Ballyadam*, in the County of LIMERICK.

WHENCE these loud peals of foul-distracting woe,
Ah! whence those tears that like the torrent flow—
Is public fame—is public credit lost?
Or sinks a Father's hope, by fortune cross'd?
Domestic sorrow blends with gen'ral grief,
Fall'n is the widow's stay—the poor's relief—
HOLMES, gen'rous youth—for ever sunk thy charms,
Thou ly'ft encircled in a tomb's cold arms.
Pride of thy race—a race to virtue dear—
How must thy fate now sadden all the year!
Like a cold snow-rift lies thy youthful frame,
And all that lives is thy long-honor'd name.
O'er thy sad weeping venerable tomb
Shall youths long strew fresh flow'rets still to bloom;
Each grateful hind shall softly tread thy grave,
And orphans weep the gen'rous good and brave!
Who, ev'ry youthful frailty forgiv'n,
Was call'd to joys of never-ending heav'n.



E P I T A P H

On Mrs. HOGAN, Wife to Mr. JOHN HOGAN,
of LIMERICK.

BENEATH this marble dearest ANNA lies

ANNA the mild, benevolent and just:

Hence her blest soul flew to her native skies,

And here her body sunk to native dust.—

O D E,

To the Memory of PETER CRUIGE, Esq;

*Who sitting in his parlour at the Castle of DUNMORE in the
County of GALWAY, fell a victim to the crush of a pon-
derous beam, which like an instant peal of thunder descended
on his head, and deprived SOCIETY of a most excellent
friend—a good subject—Husband, Father and Citizen.*

Illum et parentis crediderem sui.

Pregisse cervicem. HOR. od. 13. Lib. 2.

SURE blasted by a father's curse

The foe of man—or something worse,

Was that sad wretch that planted thee,

Thou worth-destroying fatal tree!—

Whose ponderous malignity crush'd all,

That friendship's candid tongue her own cou'd call?

O! CRUIGE, how felt the stroke by those,

How poignant ran their kindred woes;

Their tears thy tomb shall long bedew,

And stream around like rain distilling dew!—

Mourn—mourn my heart—thy grief extend,

Behold thy guide, thy patron, friend,

Stretch'd lifeless in thy splendid hall!

Where friendship met and welcom'd all!—

That generous frame a shatter'd ruin lies,

And fate and horror swim before our eyes!—

Alas! life's ills—alas! how soon,

Is snatch'd whate'er in life we prize?

When known, approv'd—the transient boon,

Just charms—then like a meteor flies.—

And leaves but sorrow's pangs and unaffected sighs!

Thus

Thus O! my friend! how torn from me?—
 What but the vale of woe remains!
 This heart of mine entomb'd with thee.
 No more effays its soothing strains,
 But e'er shall weep, as friendship now complains!—
 Thus beam accurst: thy leaden weight,
 (Th' infernal minister of fate;)
 Fell on my CRUICE's long-lov'd frame,—
 Yet could not blast his honest fame!
 'Tis in fates hand to blast the flow'r;
 But virtue soars beyond its pow'r:
 Virtue nor time, nor casual ills destroy,
 But shielding ANGELS swell its cup of joy!

*Elegiac Lines on the Death of the Author's Sister, who died
 of a malignant Fever, in the high bloom of youth, inno-
 cence and beauty.*

I.

AS the sweet flow'ret, nipt by frost,
 Sinks and resigns its balmy pride;
 So thou, LETITIA, early lost,
 Wert torn from fond affection's side.

II.

Ah! thou young Lilly, nipt too soon!
 Too soon from fame and beauty torn!
 Thy fate from morn 'till setting noon
 Had left thy care-craz'd friends to mourn!

III.

III.

The dread affail of fever'd rage
 Too fiercely struck thy tender frame,
 Nor pray'rs nor pity cou'd assuage,
 'Till death besieg'd and overcame!

IV.

Yet (hope how sweet) not far the day,
 When all thy kindred shall pursue
 Thy flight!—where beams life's living ray,
 And all enjoy their God-head's view.

V.

Then shall celestial transports rise!
 Thy long-lov'd charms and beauteous mind
 Shall speak thy glories in the skies,
 And teach thy virtues to mankind.

VI.

'Till then, sweet Maid, a fond adieu!
 The meed of blooming worth enjoy!
 Angels shine ever in thy view,
 Where no fell grief can bliss destroy.



Address'd to the Rt. Hon. Countess of MOIRA.

HAIL thou great *Mother* of lov'd RAWDON's name!
 So good, so gen'rous, and so dear to fame!
 That patriot Chief, whose genius in the field,
 Alike distinguish'd, by the voice and shield;

Forms all the *Soldier, Senator and Friend,*
 And blooms to fame 'till life's lamented end!—
 From *RAWDON'S Mother*, let the *poet* tell
 How *MOIRA'S* name has deign'd his list to swell,
 So shall her virtues deck each circling year,
 And beauteous *CHARLOTTE* blooming still appear;
CHARLOTTE, the fair, the beautiful and young,
CHARLOTTE, the theme of many a tuneful tongue;
CHARLOTTE, whose rosy bosom can arrest
 The tender feelings of the tenderest breast.—
 Propt by fair *MOIRA'S* all-accomplish'd fame,
 The *poet* seeks the honor of her name.—



Address'd to her EXCELLENCY Countess of
WEST MORLAND.

SHOU'D beauteous *Westmorland* but grant her name;
 Like her lov'd *Lord*—to grace *Killarney's* fame!
 The *poet's* lays the happy boast cou'd tell
 How rank and virtue deign'd his list to swell:
 How the Vice-Queen of fair *Hibernia's* isle,
 Stoop'd on the *muses*—rural strains to smile!
 'Till life's last ebb, the gen'rous boon shall rest,
 Fix'd and imprinted on the *muses'* breast.—

On seeing the PICTURE of the
Lady of the Reverend Doctor AUSTIN.

(Drawn by Mr. STEWART.)

HOW vain the pencil's imitative art,
The charms of Nature fully to impart?
Tho' finely elegant each copy'd trait,
The bright original unequal'd yet;
Stands in fair *Austin*, on the canvass still
But half responsive to the painter's will,
For how could art howe'er divinely-true
Reach that lov'd form which *Stewart* lately drew?—
Above *Corregios'* or a *Titian's* skill;
Austin thy mien and fame shall rise until
The stroke of fate, of age, and life's decay,
Shall touch thy bloom and sink thy beauteous clay—
How then bold *Stewart* could presumption's pride
In effaying thus o'er sober thought preside?
Tho' freely happy in each tinge you give
Without such aid must *Austin's* beauty live,
The Canvass here, to half perfection soars;
But cannot rise to what the world adores.

SEMPILL, WISE and SMITH,

The WATERFORD GRACES.

LONG in search of fair bosoms inspir'd by the
Graces,
Of elegant minds—and of snow-riv'ling faces!—
To *Waterford's* genial lov'd precincts I came,
To see if such beauties the *musés* cou'd name,

When

When lo! *Wife* and *Sempill* and *Smith* stood in fight,
 With *Wisdom* simplicity amiably bright!
 And *Smith* the arch charmer, whose mien can explain us
 That *Vulcan* was leagu'd once with conjugal *Venus*.
 The *Wife* form'd to please—and the *Sempill* to charm,
 And *Smith* against whom, not e'en hermits can arm!
 At the sight shone *Minerva* with conqu'ring eyes,
 From *Rome* seem'd the elegant *Sempill* to rise!
 And as from an anvil, soft harmony sprung,
 Sweet *Smith* well might *Phæbus* add thee to his song,
 Then not like young *Paris* when ask'd for opinion
 For *Wisdom's* and *Empire's* and *Beauty's* dominion.
 To thee thus I spoke "if the *muses* can give
 "Whatever bids beauty, and virtue to live;
 "To *Waterford's* *Graces* here justly belong,
 "The burthen of genius and many a song."—
 How hard is the task for the *Bard* to decide,
 Then *Charmers* go shares and the apple divide.



Address'd to HUGH O'KELLY, Esq; *Dublin*.

LONG had proud St. GEORGE grasp'd the sword of
 fame,
 'Till mourn'd O'KELLY friendship's fav'rite came,
 Dispell'd the doubt of long-approving *France*,
 And taught the ease and brav'ry of the lance.
 Hence rose our modern-fam'd O'KELLY's praise,
 Who, form'd a nation's honest pride to raise!—
 Live's the young Heroe's sword-informing friend,
 The best—the bravest—who e'en foes commend.

On

ON LODGE the FIFTEENTH.

OF Lodge fifteen how bright the attic rays!
 How loud its fame—how merited its praise!
 From classic WALKER of resplendent wit,
 And THORPE, whose ease can ev'ry humour hit.
 O'GRADY's fire, by judgment temper'd still!
 (O'GRADY who can goblets quaff and fill!)
 And modest MURRAY, born of *Scotia's* race!
 The splendours of this far-fam'd Lodge we trace.—
 A second THORPE shall now new honors give,
 And bid its genius fire and fame to live!
 If boundless love long glowing for mankind,
 If hospitable virtue blessings find;
 Hence shall this Lodge to wit and candour known,
 The pride and boast of human worth be shewn!—

 A C R O S T I C S.

CARE and thy train from this lov'd spot depart!
 Heav'n's hand shall here the best of joys impart!
A BURY's virtues long shall bless the soil,
 Restore each hope, and sweeten ev'ry toil.
 Long shall this VILLA swell the trump of fame,
 Enrich a province and it's Lord proclaim.—
 Vainly no pomp! no ostentation's aid,
 Illumes its roofs, nor holds out vain parade;
 Life's solid comforts, virtue pour'd are found
 Love—ease—true dignity, by wisdom crown'd—
 Each in full blossom! mark this fav'rite ground.

 }
 On

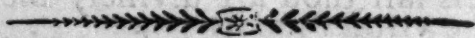
*On the fall of the gallant Capt. LACY, who fell fighting
valiantly in the trenches before Belgrade.*

WHAT sounds ærial break upon my ear!
In ev'ry sound great LACY's name I hear,
Lament great LACY's fall, for low he's laid,
Long hurling thunders dire at proud *Belgrade*,
Inspiring all with true heroic fire,
And in the cause of glory did expire.
May gracious heav'n annul such partial laws,
Laws, which involve us in a foreign cause.
Affecting glory in a distant shore,
Curs'd ne'er to see the fair *Hibernia* more;
You tuneful *Bards* great LACY's fate deplore.



HEAV'N form'd sweet *Maid* of easy grace!
On whom the virtues fondly place!
Nature's first smiles whereby to shew,
O'er what bright charms the Nine shou'd glow.
Unrival'd in thy form and art,
Receive the tribute we impart!
Lov'd in thy fame, how fair! how blest!
Youth, beauty, worth, at once possess'd.
Sincere, as angels from the sphere,
August in motion, mien and air;
Grown into fondness, for the *muses*,
Heav'n's choir thy virgin beauty chuses,
The glowing wreath, no *Bard* refuses.

How lov'd in each plain and each grove,
 On ev'ry tongue how she dwells;
 No virgin so worthy to love,
 Or teach what young beauty impels.
 Renown'd in each pastoral song,
 Attach'd to the flocks and the folds,
 Mild honey distills from her tongue,
 And every sweet she unfolds.
 Can shepherds behold her unmov'd,
 Nor urge yet one tender complaint,
 As angels admir'd and belov'd,
 Must angels unite with the saint.—
 As fyrens still twine round the heart,
 Resplendent each breast she commands,
 Rich joys can her presence impart,
 And happiness flows from her hands.



MAY's rosy sweets, combin'd in thee,
 As in the queen of LOVES, we see!
 Resplendent *maid*, whose ev'ry smile
 Years of dull sorrow cou'd beguile!
 Be, then, long blest with ev'ry grace,
 United in the soul and face!
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to warm,
 Live in each breast and still to charm!
 E'en the cold hermit well might own,
 Round thy lov'd form—a torrid zone!

HER name, tho' once the bane of TROY,
 Enriches ev'ry grace and joy;
 Love's ambush lurks within her eye!
 Envy's keen shafts she can defy;
 Nature has turn'd her mind and frame
 More rich, in charms than voice can name!
 Ah! gentle Maid! how blest thy state!
 Good without pride, and mildly-great,
 Unsung by no descriptive poet;
 In CORK's fair range—and Prudes well know it,
 Receive this humble boon from me;
 Ever attach'd to worth—and thee.

NATURE to thee lov'd favourite was kind,
 Each blooming charm adorns thy gentle mind;
 Lov'd in thy figure, by each *muse* carest,
 Like angels fair thou art divinely blest.
 Youth, innocence, are here from virtue sprung,
 Life's purest gifts shall be each Poet sung;
 Each soft endearment, each enchanting grace,
 Adorns thy mien, and beautifies thy face.
 Resplendent FAIR! accept this grateful rhyme,
 Ye Gods! protect her from the waste of time.

To Lord CAULFIELD.

HAIL noble CAULFIELD! of illustrious line,
 Good, like thy race, and tun'd by all the Nine.

To genius true, inspir'd in all you writ,
 The rising friend of merit and of wit!—
 The poet's hopes in CAULFIELD stand confess'd,
 Ah! sure when genius marks his princely breast.
 His gen'rous hand, can not,—will not, refuse,
 To aid a fortuneless and humble muse.

—————
To Master FRENCH of MONAVAE, on the Author's inadvertently meeting him.

AS o'er the lawns of MONAVAE,
 The muse in thought would fondly stray;
 To paint the beauties of the place,
 And ev'ry clouded care efface.—
 Blest by the God's appears the boy!
 Who blooms in youth his Tenants joy.
 My heart to instant gladness warm'd,
 And the lov'd youth both won and charm'd:
 For, like his ancestors in Grace,
 He look'd the sweets of heart and face.

—————
To TERENCE MONSELL of Peasfield, Esq; on his generous conduct to the Author, whose gratitude shall terminate only with his life.

HAIL MONSELL, pride of ev'ry heart!
 Whose life, can life's best charms impart!
 Happy the region where that life
 Can plant each virtue—prune each strife.
 To thee how justly must belong,
 The charms of genius, worth and song.

*The last WILL and TESTAMENT of TIMOTHY STANZA,
Esq; Poet Laureat to their HIGH MIGHTINESSES, the
Barbers of COPPER-ALLEY.*

Hoc munus morientis habeto. VIRG.

THIS body decaying, and failing its senses,
'Tis time now to look to these three golden tenes;
Of *past* and of *present* and *future* reminding
All those who think counsel *unpurchas'd* worth finding!
Life's spring and fair summer, if fatally squander'd;—
O'er pleasure's smooth stream, if we vainly have
wander'd:

Let reason's ripe Autumn supply a safe rudder,
Lest hopeless and shipwreck'd in winter we shudder!
To mankind, tho' flatter'd by birth, rank and peerage,
'Tis a datum, well known, that uncertain's the fleerage.
Thus far for a moral!—'tis time now to mention
What misers must pant for in age's declension?—
Th' Imprimis and Items of setting and giving
What fraud, pelf and griping precluded when living;
Then, thus my possessions (whatever compos'd of)
Are nam'd in succession, and sagely dispos'd of.—
Then, first of the first, I confer on the grave
This body to hold—to possess and to have.—
My sanctity, which can but profit the few,
If any;—I leave to the *methodist* crew.

To WESLEY's white hair-locks *where'er he now preaches*,
I leave all that ARIUS so studiously teaches!—

To the church!—but 'tis vain!—the world's gifts are
beneath 'em!

Pray'rs—fasting and alms, I must only bequeath 'em!

Humility lower'd, (tho' oft condescending
 To see pamper'd pride and each haughtiness blending!)
 Their zeal stands a Centinel (never once nodding)
 On church fees and state, and roast beef and pudding.
 To wit and integrity freely I grant
 Each sovereign joy—but the *blessings* of want!—
 A blessing too oft that seems eager to follow
 Th' unclouded, best meaning, true sons of *Apollo!*
 Who braving misfortune and arduous from conscience,
 Nor frighten'd by pomp or by pride or by nonsense;
 Can view day's broad sun, and a nation still save,
 And sink with distinction to honor's best grave.
 To prudes and to misers, cold beds, and cold coffers,
 I leave with the comfort, that solitude offers!—
 To gen'rous spirit and virginal charms
 That lighten'd by *Hymen*, plunge into love's arms, }
 I give and bequeath all that soothes life's alarms;
 My air-built proud castles, in vanity's region,
 Devolve—as a *right*—to that taper spent legion.
 That breathing devotion, at midnight to *Phebus*,
 Sledge out an acrostic or hit on a rebus?
 Let those who the freight of *wild oats* seem to merit
 My cargo of folly and nonsense inherit,
 To all ermin'd sages I leave this sage lesson,
 “Be guarded the laws and the subject to p—fs on!”
 My *Grub-street* effects now bequeath'd—*ad valorem!*
 To bucks—bloods and swindlers I give—in *terrorem*.—
 The cart-wheels at *Green-street*, to move in procession,
 And hemp-manufactures to hold in possession;
 Nor grudge I its speedy, law-finishing pullies,

With

With full apparatus to pimps, bawds and bullies.—
 That relatives may not—for wealth or suspicion
 Of pelf, now endanger their present condition.
 “A word to the wise,”—it was always my lot
 To swell to the utmost, each *Publican's* pot!
 O'er social enjoyment, to cancel dull sorrow;
 To live out to day, and ne'er think of to-morrow!—
 My library, fairly I've promis'd already,
 And to that firm promise I'm solemnly steady;
 My new *Irish* rogues—(and of these there are many)
 My good *Fortunatus*, and ballads—if any.—
Bob Tag-rhyme, my only compeer with the *muses*
 Shall have with my ink stand—and pens—if he chuses.



To every faithful Subject deriving safety and happiness
 from the protection of a Throne.

The following trifle is submitted by a subject of GREAT
 BRITAIN, on the anniversary of the FRENCH REVOLU-
 TION.—An *Æra* that in its primitive dawnings promised
 universal happiness, but in its tragical progress lost sight
 of moderation, adopted the *AXE* for the peaceful *OLIVE*,
 and waded to sanguinary power thro' the blood of thou-
 sands—finally resting in the impious stream of *Royal Mas-*
sacre.——“*Dii talem avertite rabiem.*”

UNHAPPY nation!—ah! too hapless King!—
 What mighty ills will not dire fury bring!—
 A King immur'd within a dreary gloom!
 His Queen descending in perfection's bloom
 To the sad precincts of a youthful tomb!—

A Dauphin

A *Dauphin* govern'd in his cradle's ease!
 By those that hold each pow'r—but to displease,
 A Princess in her infant charms upheld!
 To be by all an abject wretch beheld!
 Along the Po, the Rhine, and lazy Scheld.
 How my heart bleeds!—ye powers of heav'n reward
 The sixteenth LEWIS with your kind regard!
 For is he not all mild and great and good,
 A *monarch* ever sparing subjects blood,
 Who ev'ry rage and massacre withstood!—
 Too hapless people, think!—and spare your *prince*,
 Nor let your country's laws in vain convince
 That deluging the beauteous land with gore,
 You spread your madding wrath from shore to shore
 But to become each Subject's scorn the more.—
 Sovereigns of *Europe* can you idly view?
 And bid humanity's bright sway adieu!
 Why copy not a victor EDWARD's rage,
 Inspiring each true historic page,
 And driving impious despots off the stage.
 Assert your rights—rise!—rise! in shining arms!
 Restore mild peace and all her winning charms.
 Drench not your puissant swords—ah! dreadful
 thought!
 What mischiefs are by poplar phrenzy wrought!
 While ill-pois'd truth is deem'd to be the fault.

The ITINERARY.

WITH thee fond *Roscommon*, thou seat of the *muses*,
Where claret to no man its genius refuses.
My song shall commence—and commencing shall tell
What beauties and heroes thy catalogue swell.
Thy *Frenches* and *Croftons*, so dear to fair fame,
Shall ever the wreath of intelligence claim;
Hence parting, and parting with genuine sorrow,
Tho' fraught with a head that ne'er thinks of to-morrow:
All-musing and thinking, unheard and alone,
The *muse* made her speediest way to *Athlone*;
Where fancy and wit, and the gen'rous board,
The elegant flights of rich genius afford;
Here the Nine with O'KELLY a fortnight resided,
While wit, and good humour, and fortune presided.
His friends reckon'd many, and each friend subscribing,
Whose hearts, and whose hands, shall be still worth
describing.

With these now I part—tho' my heart shall remain,
And hold up their goodness in splendor's bright train.

DUNLOE, to thy seats, next our journey we take,
Where freedom and friendship an holyday make;
Where SKERRIT of elegant mind—as of form
Still blossoms to forward delight and to charm.

O! beauteous LOUGHREA, hospitality's dome!

Where ev'ry stranger sits richly at home!

Where BOWES with a fortune becoming a prince,
Adds dignity, fervour, and brightness to sense.

DUNSANDLE why here all thy candour forget,

Where gen'rous friendship and virtues were met;

Thy

Thy fair social merits my stanzas shall fire,
 And ev'ry genius DUNSANDLE inspire.—
 To GALWAY's wide shores in rotation we pass,
 Where often we feasted—as flies feast on glass!
 To GORT's happy precincts where claret and wit,
 The attic keen rays of each *Chesterfield* hit,
 Each prospect enliv'ning we make our addressees—
 What full sparkling bumpers! what cates and caresses!
 For friendship, for bounty, for freedom, for sport,
 Come *envy*, trace *Europe* and rival me GORT!—
 Then CLARE's splendid county long famous for learning,
 For roast beef, good claret, and candid discerning.
 We visit;—and then to fair LIMERICK proceeding,
 Experience the glowings all language exceeding.
 Thus passing CLARE's county, true wit's genial border,
 Ah! will not we visit the pride of *Christ's* order?
 Killaloe's learned Prelate, whose name shall be o'er,
 When waves cease to glide by his *Villa's* fair shore:
 Meek *Bernard*, as humble in genius, as spirit,
 Whose only transgression is—singular merit.
 The glowings of MUNSTER each county declaring,
 Pray let us not here Sirs of praising be sparing.
 O! LIMERICK thy beauties my lays still commanding!
 Thy bright ALTAMIRA * each stanza demanding!
 Shall bloom in my couplets, and live in my song,
 While Nature's first charms attention prolong!
 What various gay circles?—what various chit chat?—
 How glibly go tongues there on this thing and that?
 BELINDA with speed that might out-run a racer,
 Runs over the numbers whose *loves* would embrace her!

* The beautiful Gardens of Mr. *Johnson*, where Ladies and Gentlemen are accommodated with tea, &c.

Young *Phebe*, and *Phillis*, and *Daphne* and *Laura*,
 Change subjects on subjects *ut vertitur aura*.
 What an emblem of *Babel*!—sweet *Syrens*, go on,
 Whatever your trifles shall here prove the *ton*:
 Inspir'd by the beauties of this situation,
 'Tis your's to enchant us and rival a nation!—
 Sweet LIMERICK thou favour'd lov'd seat of the Nine,
 Be every beauty and eulogy thine!
 For are not thy *Schools* and thy *Villas* the same,
 To bloom in our pages and live in fair fame!
 And O! refin'd BURKE, what a banquet is thine!
 To dwell more on sermons than *Horace's* wine.
 Be thine ev'ry blessing, such blessings unnumber'd,
 Like learned fond BUTLER by no vice incumber'd;
 Sweet KERRY—thou fav'rite spot of the Nine!
 Where wit is still sparkling and glows like its wine,
 Where HOGAN of classical genius and skill,
 Turns learning's best periods and thoughts at his will!
 For genial enchantments so frequent in KERRY,
 And all the endearments of claret and sherry:
 We part—and we visit the banks of the LEE,
 Where CORK holds her commerce and liberties free.
 Sweet VILLEY!—emporium of ev'ry breeze!
 (Where misers are known not a shilling to squeeze,)
 But true *Hospitality* opens the heart,
 And *Nature* displays all her pride without art,
 What friendship, what virtues, here ope on the mind!
 Where elegant figures are noble as kind,
 The men fraught with spirit, the women with wit,
 And beauty that stoics can annually hit!

Q

Dear

Dear DALY thy coffee and news are so good,
 That every VISITANT praises thy food:—
 That a *bard* be it ever and candidly known,
 Thinks you prize ev'ry merit—forgetting your own!
 CLONMELL may thy Graces and Sons of *Apollo*,
 In the train of fair fame and the *muse's* long follow!
 Here true liberality holds her full sway,
 And friendship too fondly detains us 'till day;
 On that lovely county may blessings attend,
 May fortune surround it and genius befriend;
 Where vice-regal bounty held out its regard,
 And aided with smiles both the Nine and the Bard,
 Where *Cheytons* deals out ev'ry classical treasure,
 Still blending with science the sun-shine of pleasure.
 Sweet SUIR and thy CARRICK, be long known in rhyme,
 Still bloom in the wreaths of the just and sublime!
 For CARRICK with thee rests each sociable breast,
 As willing experience can fully attest —
 To *Waterford's* beauties, where dwells the good *Mayor*,
 And piety gives ev'ry moment to pray'r!—
 Where *Rome's* holy SEERS ev'n censure may scan,
 Whose lives reflect honor on candour and man,
 We pass;—and in passing we faithfully glow,
 With all the best praises that warmth can bestow!
 Nor thee princely CORMACK * e'er true to the Nine;
 Whose soul is as sparkling as gen'rous thy wine!
 Shall gratitude here for a moment omit;
 But place thee the pillar, and patron of wit.—
 And KEATING thou learned fix'd friend of the Nine,
 Derive from thy name's each *philosophy* mine!

* HUGH CORMACK, Esquire.

Thy

Thy *Lore* how instructive! thy manners how bright!
 What a sun-shine on genius! what classical light!
 O! here hapless *Bard* what a legion of foes,
 In form of dull critics thy progress oppose!
 For they on their fingers can calculate rhimes,
 And fearless of *Crassa Minerva* find chimes:
 Tho' Nature pronounce at the foot of *Parnassus*,
 Shut out ev'ry entrance against these damn'd asses.
 On CORCORAN's* waters, and nettles and fallads,
 Condemn them to feed and to plod upon ballads.—
 Lov'd generous Ross be thou still dear to me,
 Be each choicest epithet still dear to thee;
 Thou foremost in worth O! bloom ever in fame!
 As gracious in merit as lasting in name!
 Within thy lov'd precincts the *muse* often found,
 That genius could own *Hospitality's* ground.
 Hence parting, KILKENNY thy beauties we view,
 Where princely fond ORMOND to elegance true,
 Holds a dome that e'en *Nassau* with envy may see,
 And lives in his country, ador'd, lov'd and free.
 Betray'd fertile Island, had thus all thy Sons
 Liv'd at home, nor been subject to *Britain's* proud dons.
 Thy woods, and thy acres, thy rents, and thy trade,
 Had blossom'd long since, and more happy been made.
 Blest LANNAGAN pride of thy primitive church,
 Who never left honesty's cause in the lurch:
 Here let me behold thee in meekness and hope,
 With ease that might dignify LAURENCE the Pope.

* CORCORAN, prince of *Ballad-printers*, is wedded to a tenth *Muse*, to whose doggerel *sing-song* lucubrations he has been upwards of 40 years *Man-mid-wife*—issuing her poetical *bantlings* into public life, on the virginal sheets of his laborious press.

How happy surrounded by blooming youth,
 Whose dawns are virtue, whose openings are truth,
 Thy dictates shall form every tender young heart,
 When laid in the urn—thy blest lore to impart.—
 Sweet PAK, favour'd pupil, high-priest of the Nine,
 Whose couplets flow music and Nature-taught shine!
 O! let me not pass thee bright *Bard* unsaluted,
 Whose piety only superior's computed.
 To thy classic elegance ease and fine manners,
 For taste hath enrol'd thee beneath her best banners.
 Hail silver-tong'd youth whose periods commending,
 The lessons of truth every heart is found mending;
 FITZGERALD when ripen'd by time what a field
 Of heav'n's rich harvest shall these periods yield!
 To LEIGHLIN where *Brophy* each virtue displaying,
 And *Cullen* the goodness of mankind essaying.
 Fair CARLOW we next thy lov'd buildings behold!
 Where *Staunton* despises each pomp, pride and gold!
 Where learning displays every skill of a college,
 And friendship and genius unite with true knowledge.
 To SALLINS where barges and dearness unite,
 And bells only tinkle the dreary long night.
 Our passage we take, and to *Castletown* come,
 That seat of the *musés* and charity's home:
 Where lovely LOUISA deals many a blessing,
 And patriot THOMAS shines each worth possessing.
 To DUBLIN—the favourite rise of the *Graces*!
 Where guineas are free as are beauteous the faces!
 KILLARNEY came greeting to elegant HOEY;
 Whose *standard impression* secur'd us much joy.

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Her EXCELLENCY the Countess of *WESTMORLAND*.

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SUBSCRIPTION's clos'd, we grateful, now,
 To lib'ral worth, and *Dublin* bow;
 To you, my PATRONS, whose fond aid,
 Your pow'r to serve, and worth display'd.
 These faithful lines I freely send, **31 DE 63**
 To hail each *genius, muse* and friend;—
 Heart-glowing DILLON, bloom as *May*,
 While trade adorns thine *Usher's-quay*!
 SHERLOCK, be thine whate'er we can
 Advance, to prove the gen'rous man!—
 Such your fair worth, on Nature's laws,
 That ev'n the *muse* can't give applause;
 But yet behold the conscious breast,
 To your own thoughts—I leave the rest.

